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TAKING A HEDGE AT THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASE

Captain Yates riding Lord Vic, the winner, in the Heythrop Hunt Race at Chipping Norton

No. 175.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday April 10 1907

Jingoes may continue to cavil at the idea of the Hague Conference, but the businesslike nature of its programme cannot be denied. Already Great Britain, Japan, Germany, Austria, and Russia have decided "to reserve to themselves the liberty of not participating in discussions which, in their opinion, cannot lead to any practical results."

* * *

Inasmuch as their opinions are likely to be different on most of the subjects that turn up, it is a little difficult, of course, to know what they will discuss. Perhaps a gramophone could be induced to give a little lecture on "Disarmament"; and then the delegates could go home and think it over till the next Conference.

* * *

Dr. Reich, our self-elected social critic, declares that Londoners are "proudly unintellectual," and that other Capitals are far ahead of us in intelligence. We are afraid it is sadly true. In no other Capital has Dr. Reich so great a following as he has here.

* * *

That Cannon Stroke!

Prophetic picture of Reece towards the end of his next break

(By Thos. Downey)

"Evelyn—the Tragic Life Story of a Beautiful Artists' Model—suggested by the Great Thaw Trial," has been secured by the *Weekly Dispatch* as a serial for its readers. Perhaps it may assist the American public to make up their minds about the case. But who is the "Beautiful Artist"?

* * *

The Peking to Paris motor race is to start on June 10. In deference, presumably, to Oriental feelings, there will be no racing to begin with, so that we shall not have Mandarins complaining that they cannot drive about the country lanes for fear of road-hogs. Everything will be done to make the race a success. We hope this will include compensation for little Boxers or Chunchuses who may stray under the wheels of cars, and disqualification for such riders as attempt to scorch past restless elephants.

Tibet is somewhat off the main route, but some lamas may be able to get up in time to view the race. If so, motor traffic should obtain a big advertisement, and the passing of the Yak is assured.

* * *

Father Vaughan's denunciation of dog-worship has not prevented the Ladies' Kennel Association from holding a show at the Royal Horticultural Society. 106 Pekinese spaniels, 63 toys, 42 bulldogs, 30 pugs, 27 poodles, etc., are all there, wagging their little tails, and ready to prove to Father Vaughan (in their own language) that they have little souls and will go to Heaven, whatever he may say. Why shouldn't they—the ducks? Especially the Pekinese, and the toys, who are too small to bite anyone badly, and the pugs who are too fat!

* * *

The burglars of Ghent are much annoyed at the proposal that there should be women police-constables in their peaceful town. As things are at present, they can carry on their work in comparative quiet, but if they are to have police-women interfering, and going into hysterics as soon as they catch sight of a jemmy, the burgling profession will become intolerable.

* * *

We cannot help feeling a certain amount of sympathy with the Anarchist Congress, which was forced, last week, by the officiousness of the Prussian police, to meet in a turnip-field near Mannheim. A turnip-field is not much of a place to meet in, when you are full of vague longings to blow up Kings and Emperors. It doesn't give the right atmosphere. What one wants is a cellar or dark hall. You feel that you could blow up anyone there. As it was, the Anarchists kept it up in the turnip-field till 2 a.m. very creditably, and decided to found an organisation in Germany, little as Germany seems to hanker after it. "And so to bed," as Pepys would say—if Anarchists go to bed.

RACING NOTIONS

SPRING RACING PROSPECTS. By "CARBINE"

The City and Suburban

Between now and the middle of May some important handicaps are to be decided, starting on Saturday with the Newbury Spring Cup, continuing at Epsom with the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban, going on to Chester for the historic cup, and finishing at Kempton with the popular Jubilee. Here are five races of which we should all like to find the winners—or at least a proportion of them—and I have been asked to express my opinion of the prospects of the various events. You will have seen, of course, that Slavetrader has been backed for the City and Suburban. At least, he has figured in the betting quotations, which is not always the same thing. We know that he can go a bit, the style in which he won the Hastings Plate at Newmarket last year being most impressive. But that was nearly twelve months ago, and he did not do much afterwards. Indeed, not since last July has he been seen in public, having gone amiss in training; and I am always dubious about these horses that have been "on the shelf" so long.

Mr. Stanley Howard

Owner of Eremon, who has won both the Grand National and the Lancashire Steeplechase, a feat only accomplished once before in history. He has already won £5,000 with the horse

Dean Swift's Chance

Dean Swift has likewise been mentioned, and here we have a horse who has a great chance on last season's form. He has 10 lb. extra weight to carry, but he had all that in hand last year, and he likes the Epsom course so well that I am quite prepared to see him repeat his success. If Polymelus starts, he will have to be considered. Even with 9 st. 12 lb., Mr. Sol Joel's horse would come very near to winning if he reproduced his Cambridgeshire form. It is doubtful, however, whether Polymelus is seen at his best so early in the year, and I question whether Epsom, with its curious gradients, is a suitable course for this far-striding animal. Golden Measure ran second to Dean Swift last year, and I cannot perceive that he has any hope of reversing that result. M. Ephrussi may make an endeavour to repeat his Lincoln triumph with the penalised Ob or Champ d'Or, while Hallick is hopeful that Fra Diavolo will have recovered from his mishap; but of the three-year-olds I have most fancy for Prince of Orange. Wild Aster cannot be ignored on his Liverpool running, though I daresay that superiority of condition had something to do with his prominence there. As a preliminary selection I take **Dean Swift**, with Prince of Orange as a second string.

The Long-Distance Races

For the Great Metropolitan plenty of good stayers are entered, and it promises to be an interesting affair. For this I think my final selection will be **Nightfall**, who made such a good fight of it at Kempton Park in the race for the Queen's Prize on Easter Monday. I was very charmed with the mare, who, according to the Colonial custom, ran without shoes, and I am informed that she has never been in such good form as at present. Nightfall is also entered for the Chester Cup, to be run for on May 8, but here she will run up against **Bridge of Canny** again, and I think Lord Derby's colt will add the ancient trophy to his other successes. This horse was rather badly struck into at Kempton Park, and at Newmarket, the other day, I saw the scars on his hind legs. But his soundness is unaffected, and Mr. Lambton is confident of starting him at Chester. By the way, what a finish that was at Kempton. One could not breathe for excitement while it lasted. Maher certainly rode magnificently at the end; but I thought he was much to blame for getting shut in when he could so easily have come round on the outside at the bend.

An Interesting Jubilee

I think the most interesting of all the Spring Handicaps will be the Jubilee, at Kempton, on May 11. The unbeaten Polar Star is a likely starter, and we shall know exactly what he is made of when he comes to run against the older horses. Personally, I consider him a youngster of the highest class; but I hold an equally high opinion of Keystone II., and it is difficult to choose between the two at the weights. I enjoyed the privilege of looking over Keystone II. in her stable last week, and it can be stated with confidence that the beautiful mare is in splendid trim. There are some people who consider Sagamore very little behind Polar Star, and the presence of Mr. Raphael's colt will certainly add to the interest of the Jubilee. It is a long time since a three-year-old won this race, but Polar Star may do the trick this season.

Newbury Prospects

Some of the Lincoln horses will be meeting again in the Newbury Cup on Saturday, and Athi and Roseate Dawn will probably prove the best of that not very brilliant lot. Sam Darling holds a strong hand for this race, and so does Alec Taylor, whose **Gold Riach** is a really good mare, and she must be my selection. On Friday I anticipate the success of **Bellatrix** in the Greenham Stakes, and of **Crescent** in the Marlborough Handicap, while **Counterfeit** should prove equal to giving the weight away in the Carnarvon Stakes. Thursday, the opening day of the Newbury Meeting, is set aside for jumping, and Carnegie and Domino seem likely to win their respective races.

Russia: A Canard?

The Tsar's rumoured intention to abdicate in favour of the Regency of the Grand Duke Michael, allied to an English Princess

The Grand Duke Michael
Whose approaching

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein
betrothal is rumoured

Rumour again attributes to the Tsar Nicholas II. the intention to abdicate, and has once again been killed by official denials. Without committing ourselves one way or the other on the matter, the scheme which is proposed—the appointment of the Grand Duke Michael to be Regent, allied to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the abolition of the Duma, and the inauguration of a Reign of Terror—seems as likely as any other to solve the great Russian problem. The Grand Duke is 28 years of age, a brother of the Tsar, and credited with strength of character, while the Princess is a niece of both King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It is said that the recent visit of the Dowager Empress of Russia to England has been with a view to arranging the fateful marriage.

Photo Russell
The Tsar Nicholas of Russia

The Sessions House of the Duma

Photo Illustrations Bureau
The Tsarevitch Alexis (aged 3)

Capital Punishment

Every civilised man feels an instinctive reluctance to condemn a fellow-creature to death. This sentiment has brought about different results in different countries. In some, such as Italy and Russia, it has caused the nominal abolition of capital punishment, while in France it has induced juries to find verdicts of extenuating circumstances in almost every case of what are euphemistically called "crimes of love," and has lately induced the French Government to follow the example of Italy. Without discussing the ethics of the vexed question of capital punishment, I doubt whether its abolition is any real gain to the cause of humanitarianism, for there is a wide-spread belief that Italian murderers—to say nothing of Russian—suffer a far more severe penalty than mere penal servitude, and that very few of them survive their conviction for more than a year or two. Most people would prefer an instantaneous death by the gallows or guillotine to a slow one by disease and ill-treatment in prison.

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

Britain's Leading Solicitor

Sir George Lewis, who has figured prominently in the Rayner trial. He recently celebrated the jubilee of his entry into the legal profession

Recommendations to Mercy

In England, this sentiment finds two modes of expression—recommendations to mercy and petitions for reprieve. The former are often based upon intelligible and substantial grounds, such as youth, extreme provocation, and mental weakness not amounting to actual insanity, but most of them are really due to a desire on the part of the jury to escape responsibility, like the case of the Brixton murderer a few weeks ago, who was recommended to mercy because his father suffered from delusions. And some are, probably, brought about by jurymen who have conscientious objections to capital punishment, and refuse, in the face of their oath and of the evidence, to concur in an unqualified verdict of guilty. But the recommendation of a jury, however irrational it may seem, is, at any rate, made by people who know something about the case, and is on that account entitled to be received with a certain amount of respect.

Petitions for Reprieve

Unfortunately, this can very seldom be said of petitions for reprieve, nine-tenths of the signatures to which are those of conscientious objectors to capital punishment. Mr. Campbell, the "New Theologian," in a sermon at the City Temple the other day, professed his willingness to sign Rayner's petition on that ground alone, and was vigorously applauded. Now there must be at least a hundred thousand of these people in the country, and therefore it is a mere matter of organisation to obtain that number of signatures to any petition, quite regardless of the merits of the particular case. And observe the injustice of the system. A., who commits an uninteresting murder in a country place, has no hope of mercy, while B., who has been widely advertised in the Press, either because of the social position of his victim, or of the hideous details of the crime, or even of the incidental revelation of some miserable, sordid bit of scandal, finds tens of thousands of people anxious to help him. And it must not be forgotten that these petitions are excellent advertisements for their promoters.

The Whiteley Murder

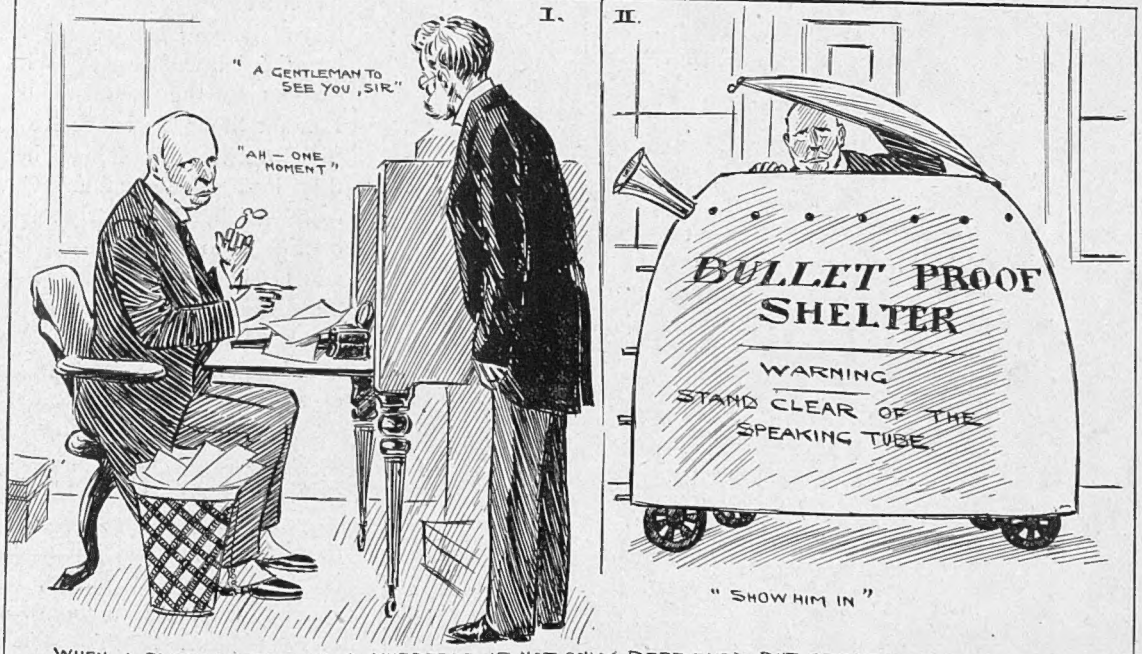
Of all the petitions that have been got up in recent years, perhaps the most unmeritorious was that in favour of Mr. Whiteley's murderer. Rayner began by deserting his wife and children, then tried his hand at blackmail, and, finding his victim unsqueezable, murdered him in cold blood. Surely this was a hanging case if ever there was one. And yet not only did cranks and busybodies rush in thousands to sign a petition, but the Home Secretary actually acceded to their request and commuted the sentence. This was a lamentable weakness, and one for which it is impossible to discover any adequate reason. One can hardly suppose that Mr. Gladstone considered Rayner's illegitimate birth as an extenuating circumstance, or that he was swayed by the undoubted popularity of reprieves among a certain section of the population. The present Government ought to be strong enough to be able to dispense with votes gained by such methods as these. But whatever his motive may have been, Mr. Gladstone has struck a heavy blow at the administration of the criminal law and the security of life and property in England. The worst service that a great public officer can render to the State is to yield to popular clamour, however vociferous, in such matters as these. The case of Barabbas is a bad precedent to follow.

The Topictator

A NEW JERSEY LEGISLATOR HAS INTRODUCED A BILL FOR THE TAXATION OF WHISKERS. THE TAX RANGING FROM £1 FOR ORDINARY WHISKERS TO £10 FOR A GOATEE. IF THIS IS NOT LESE-MAJESTÉ IT IS AS NEAR IT AS A REPUBLICAN CAN GET. UNCLE SAM WOULD BE QUITE "OR'NARY" WITHOUT HIS "CHIN FIXIN'S"

THE VANITY OF YOUTH.

"GOLF" SAID MR BALFOUR RECENTLY "IS NOT A GAME FOR OLD GENTLEMEN"



WHEN A BLACKMAILER AND A MURDERER IS NOT ONLY REPRIEVED BUT CREATED A KIND OF HERO IT IS TIME FOR MEN OF WEALTH AND POSITION TO TAKE PRECAUTIONS.

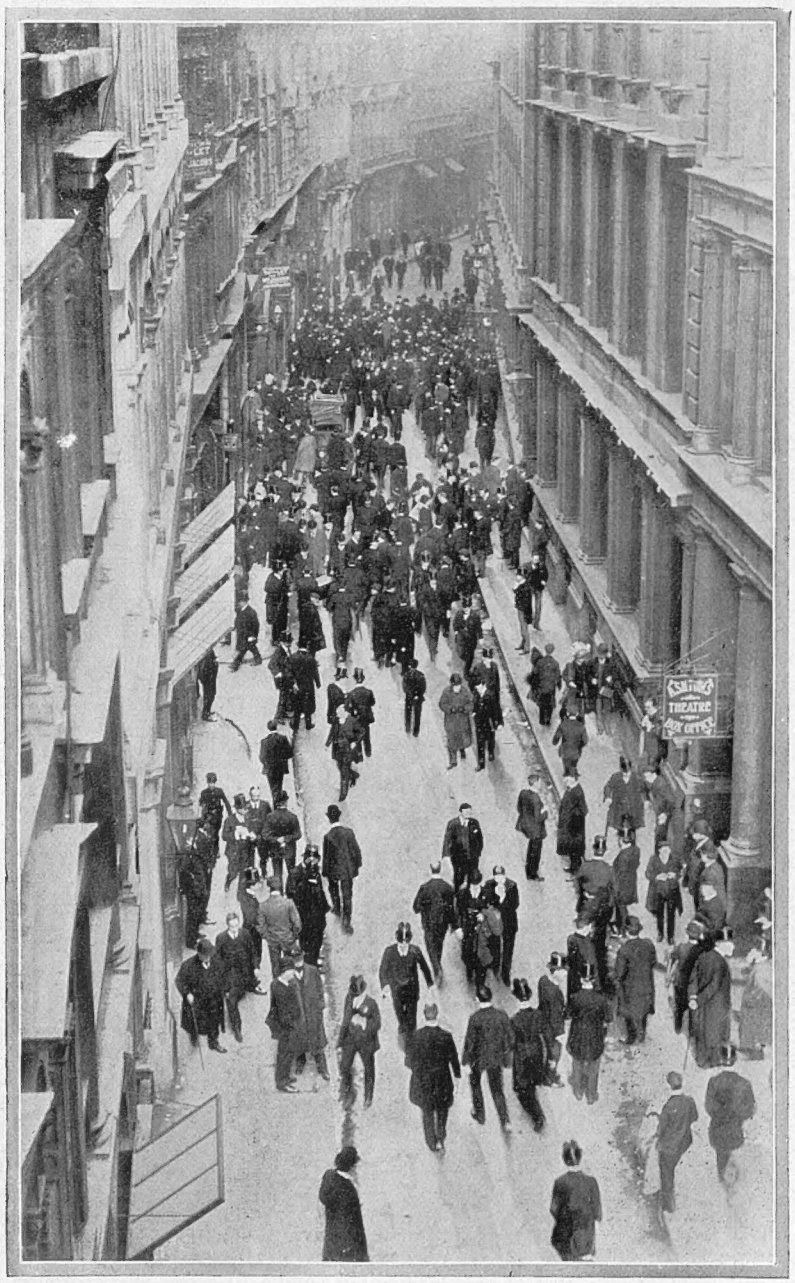
The World's Pageant

Photo Lallie Charles
The Princess di Teano
Who was seriously injured recently while riding outside Rome

Alfonso's Preoccupations

Poor King Alfonso! Really, it is not all joy being a king. It is even less, it would seem, to be a kingly husband and the father of a prospective heir. At an age when most men are having the "time of their lives" at the 'Varsity or elsewhere, the young King of Spain is full of domestic cares and marital anxieties, and is, at the same time, by no means in the best of health himself. At Cartagena a special train, guarded night and day, stands always at full steam in the station. Into this, should anything happen in Madrid, King Alfonso will unceremoniously be hustled, if absolutely necessary. Queen Victoria has absolutely refused to allow anyone but her nurses and her doctors to be present during the last few "interesting" weeks.

* * *



From a photograph specially taken for "The Bystander"

The Recent "Panic-ette" on 'Change

Crowd of stockbrokers and jobbers discussing the recent disastrous slump in gilt-edged securities. Though panic prevailed for a while, the March "account" was passed over with a very few failures, and confidence has since been re-established

The Cause of Stock Exchange Unrest

Throgmorton Street on settling-days is always a lively spot. If you fancy yourself as a physiognomist, you may be able to distinguish "bull" from "bear"—particularly if you happen to have an insight into the jobbers' books. With few exceptions, the members of the London Stock Exchange are "agin the Government." This is because they look askance at any Government which, rightly or wrongly, is considered to be threatening Capital and truckling to Labour. It crabs financial enterprise, and consequently Stock Exchange activity, when members of the Government go out of their way, as they do, to treat vested interests as pawns in the game of political expediency. Cabinet Ministers know full well that, just as straw is to bricks, so is capital to labour, and that when capital is withdrawn or withheld, labour suffers. Capital is the essential to every enterprise. To stifle the employment of capital is baneful to the interests of labour. The Stock Exchange reflects the condition of the Money Market, and when the market is in a state of

A Fabian to Rule Jamaica

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. A. C. Swinburne

The famous poet, who celebrated his seventieth birthday on April 5. As the photograph shows, he is in excellent health and vigour. He is at present engaged on a new tragedy

stagnation, the general public is affected adversely. It is the weathercock which shows whence the wind blows. With due forethought, the capitalists are preparing for worse times to come, and the effect of Ministerial threats is already making itself apparent in the financial barometer.

* * *

"Rot Americanus"

At the moment, an additional spasm, unscientifically called *Rot Americanus*, is passing through Gorgonzola Hall. Several of the less important members have been "hammered" recently, and some of the more important are being helped over the stile. The sickness extends to large operators outside the House, and one big firm in particular had to be accommodated. The mid-April and the end-April settlements will provide more spasms. As a rule, accommodation is granted, it need hardly be explained, in order to prevent the spread of the plague. Those assisting do so out of no motives of philanthropy, but to stave off being involved themselves. The Stock Exchange has troubles enough of its own making, and is not grateful to any Government which piles on the agony.

* * *

At the Chief Secretary's Lodge

After a holiday in the South of Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Birrell took up residence at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Dublin, last Wednesday. People are hoping they will attend Punchestown, for the late sponsor of the Education Bill is as yet little known in the country. Apart from his personal attributes, however, Mr. Birrell, of course, has a splendid social asset in his wife. Irish people, as everyone knows, are great on "family." The fact, therefore, that Mrs. Birrell is a first cousin of Lord Elgin, the daughter of Lady Charlotte Locker, and the widow of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, second son of Lord Tennyson, is all in favour of the new appointment.

* * *

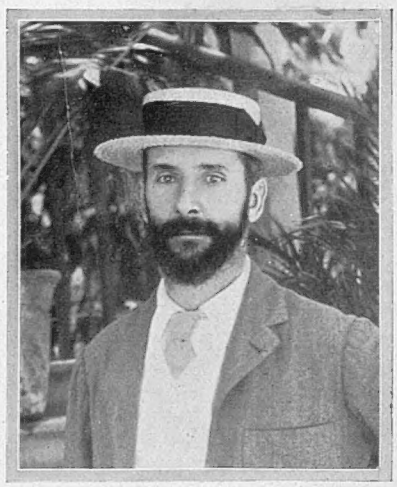
Family Influence

It was, indeed, to Lord Elgin's influence that the now Chief Secretary for Ireland ascribed his first entry into Parliament (for a Scottish constituency). And in this connection it is amusing to remember that his relations-in-law (who are of aristocratic rank) were immensely annoyed by the very first thing Mr. Birrell did after he got into Parliament. He made a speech opposing a grant to a certain member of the Royal Family, and this, the aforesaid relations-in-law being on distinctly friendly terms with Royalty, very naturally annoyed them. Mrs. Birrell's father is, perhaps, best known to the world in general as Mr. Locker-Lampson, writer of lyrics of the Calverley order. One of her three sons, who are grandsons of Lord Tennyson, the poet, rejoices in the name of Alfred Browning Tennyson. He manages, nevertheless, to acquit himself quite creditably in Parliamentary golf matches, and is a Clerk of the House of Commons. Mr. Birrell, like the wise man he is, is very friendly with his stepsons, and from the first has taught them to call him by his Christian name, Augustine.

* * *

The Colonial Conference

There can be no doubt that the paramount thing among the many things for which the time has now



Jamaica's New Governor

Mr. Sydney Olivier, who succeeds Sir Alexander Swettenham, is forty-seven years of age, and has been connected with the Colonial Office for a quarter of a century. He is a leading light of the Fabian Society

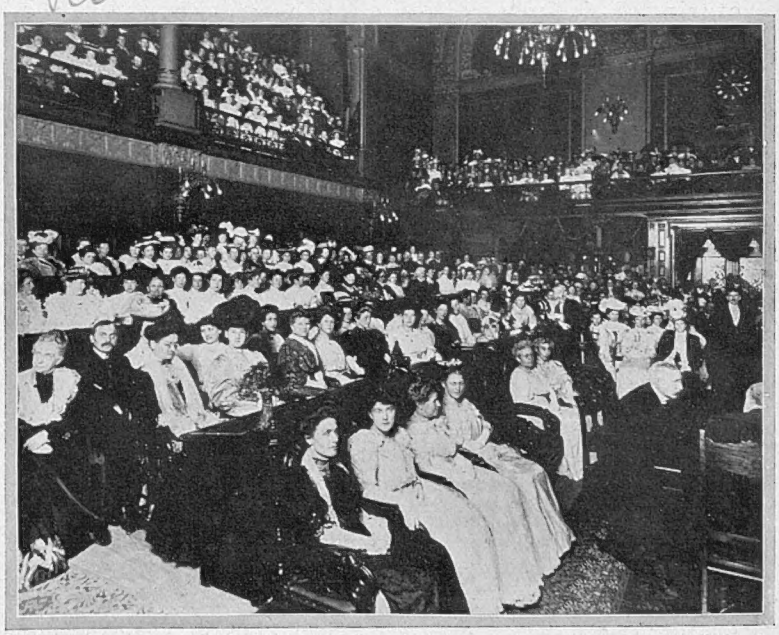


Photo supplied by *Topical Agency*

Colonial Topics to the Fore: Opening of the Ontario Legislature

The opening of Parliament in Toronto is the chief Society event of the year, and seems to excite a large measure of feminine interest (of a more orderly kind, it is to be hoped, than is the case at Westminster)

Common Sense on Colonial Preference

come to talk, is Colonial Preference. The question whether or not it is the duty, or the interest, of Great Britain to trade on reciprocal terms with her Colonies has, at last, been raised from the Party area on to the platform of High Politics. That supposed hallucination of Mr. Chamberlain—the Colonial "offer"—has assumed definite shape. The recent declaration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leading statesman of Greater Britain, that the settled policy of Canada is to "look towards the Mother Country" for reciprocal trade relations and not to the United States, corroborated as it has been by similar declarations on the part of the representatives of Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, and Natal, compels us, irrespective of Party, to discuss the matter on its merits. Doctrine must be set aside, whether it be known as Protection or Free Trade. This is a plain business proposition for plain business men. It is a matter for a straightforward "yes" or "no." The "raging, tearing propaganda" which preceded the last General Election had too much of the sentimental element about it, and too little of appeal to the straightforward business instincts of the race, to win the support of the commercial classes. It alienated the banking and mercantile fraternity, and all manufacturing Britain save Birmingham. The country was not shown where the proposed change was going to benefit it. We heard too much about "kith and kin," "blood," "Motherland and Daughter State," and the like. "All kisses—no bread and cheese" seemed to be the cry with which the Tariff Reformers thought to capture an already overtaxed and irritated electorate.

Photo *Steger*

A Fair Adjunct to the Colonial Conference

Miss Botha, the daughter of General Botha, the Premier of the Transvaal, who has now arrived in Britain

* * *

Business, Gentlemen!

Now that the echoes of that phase of the fight have died away, and we are face to face with plain proposals, the situation is changed. We are offered trading terms, on an advantageous basis, by five or six growing communities with immense prospects. Incidentally, the people who offer them to us are our own fellow-countrymen. If the latter circumstance does not influence us in favour of the scheme, it certainly should not influence us against it. If as a result of the discussion, it should be definitely proved that our food, or anything else of vital moment to the country, *would* cost us more, then let us frankly say so. If not—then all the disciples of Cobden, and Mill, and Adam Smith in arms ought not to prevent our taking advantage of so superb an opportunity of driving a bargain.

* * *

The Rayner Reprieve

Though I cannot confess to any personal pangs of regret at the reprieve of Horace Rayner—not, myself, being in love with the principle of capital punishment, and having little or no faith in its efficacy as a deterrent to murder—I am bound to say that Mr. Gladstone's action, in the existing state of the law, is very difficult to justify. If the reprieve had been accompanied by some definite announcement of the forthcoming abolition of capital punishment in Britain (as it has long since been abolished in Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Switzerland, and Roumania), we might have accepted it as an "instalment" pending the "larger measure," as the Government say in the case of Home Rule. In the absence, however, of any such declaration, we do not quite know where we are. For a murder has never been committed which, according to the present state of the law, called more rigorously for the application of the death penalty than the cold-blooded and premeditated assassination of Mr. Whiteley, after an ineffectual attempt to extort money from him. The subterranean scandal of the case does not concern us, neither should it the Home Secretary. As for the reprieve being granted to Rayner on the ground that his wife was about to give birth to a child, this is a form of sentimentalism from which we had hoped British justice to be exempt. Better by far abolish the death sentence, and make life-imprisonment once for all the legal punishment for murder, than reduce it to ridicule. I am, in fact, disposed to wonder that our religious bodies have not something to say in denunciation of that blasphemous formula which, after condemning a man to be hanged, commends his soul to the care of the Deity, knowing all the time that, given a few fools with signatures, a sensation-seeking Press, and a tender-hearted Home Secretary, it will only get as far as Dartmoor.

Stately Halting-place for Premiers

KNEBWORTH, WHERE LORD STRATHCONA IS TO ENTERTAIN THE COLONIAL DELEGATES

The South Front, Knebworth, Herts

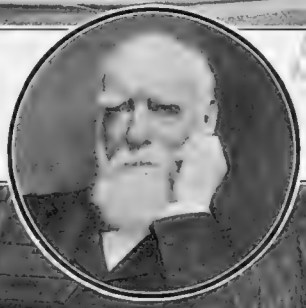


Photo Elliott and Fry

Lord Strathcona

Photos *King*

The Drawing-room, Knebworth

It is appropriate that one of the first displays of hospitality to be shown the Colonial Premiers should be their entertainment at the beautiful seat of Knebworth, Herts, by a man who has spent the greater part of his life in the service of Canada—viz., Lord Strathcona

An Artistic Marchioness

Photo **Lady Anglesey** *Lallie Charles*

The widow of the late Marquis of Anglesey. Her ladyship is a woman of interesting personality and extremely artistic tastes. She has just returned from Italy on the sad errand of being present at the deathbed of her mother, Lady Hastings. Lady Anglesey's collection of barbaric jewellery, for which she has a particular *penchant*, is one of the finest in the country

The "Croaking Raven" at Kempton

"The Croaking Raven"

The political world is still noisy with the echoes of the croakings of a recent raven. Despite the tendency on the Liberal side to "pooh-pooh" the utterances of Lord Rosebery, and to treat his platform as, in his own words, a "withered branch," there is still an unpleasant consciousness that they represent, in the most polished phraseology possible in modern oratory, the thoughts of the man in the street. Lord Rosebery's position is unique to the verge of uncanniness. In no other country than our own could such a man as this—noble, wealthy, public-spirited, practised in diplomacy and state-craft, an orator, a great sportsman, and a man of letters—be a permanent outcast from office. He is a man with a plan; he stands for a definite line of British policy. Therefore, he should, of necessity, figure in the list of "possible" Premiers. He will, however, probably, never again hold high office, for the amazing reason that he is avowedly a non-partisan. He is indisposed to be a parrot; to cry "aye" to everything proposed by one group of men; "noe" to everything proposed by another. He will cry "aye" and "noe" wheresoever he thinks fit, and nowhere else. Therefore, never more can he be a Minister of the British State! Surely our anomalous Party system never showed in more lurid fashion its destructive influence on our public life than in this enforced exclusion from the national councils of one of the greatest of living statesmen.

Lord Rosebery (the "retired raven") enjoying a little croak with Mr. J. A. de Rothschild at the Kempton Easter Meeting. On the right of his lordship is the Hon. Neil Primrose

STRAW-HATTED CELEBRITIES AT KEMPTON

Mr. Leo de Rothschild (left) and his trainer, Mr. J. Watson (right), at the Kempton Easter Meeting

* * *

Easter Racing

Racing, unless my memory much deceives me, is one of the few Society pastimes not yet oratorically abjured by Father Bernard Vaughan. This may or may not (and the negative seems most probable) account for the ever-increasing popularity of the race meeting. At Easter the crowds at Kempton were phenomenal. So they were last week at Croxton Park and at Windsor, while at the various Point-to-Point Races, the Military in the Heythrop country, the House of Commons at Kineton, and the Greenford Drag, both the elements and the attendance conspired together to make for success.

* * *

Irish Racing

Ireland, this week as well as last, is entirely engrossed in racing matters. No fewer than three meetings last week heralded the approach of what the Irish consider, perhaps, the most sporting fixture of the year—the Punchestown Meeting now in progress. The 19th Hussars, now quartered at the Curragh, and the 11th of that ilk, both held their annual Point-to-Point Races, and Easter Monday saw the Ward Union Hunt Meeting taking place in glorious weather at Fairyhouse, Co. Dublin, Mr. Percy Ward, the popular Master of the Ward Staghounds, being in great form.

* * *

The Punchestown Meeting

The Punchestown Meeting, at the Curragh, usually enjoys "Queen's weather." Everyone turns up, whether racing meets with their approval or whether it does not. Even the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen attend in postillioned, four-horsed State; and, as everyone knows, their attitude in regard to this pastime is by no means an Irish one. The Kildare Hunt Club stand and enclosure is *the* place from which to survey the racing, though the several regiments quartered in the Curragh — the Hussars, the Cameron Highlanders, the R.H.A., and the 3rd Dragoons —all dispense the most profuse hospitality.

* * *

Windsor House-Parties

Without doubt, one of the most popular places in which to take up one's abode, when a proximity to London is needful, is Windsor. In, and for miles around, the Royal Borough beautiful houses and hospitable hostesses abound. One of the season's bridegrooms, the Marquis of Downshire, has a house in the neighbourhood, and is popular there with rich and poor alike. Lady Esher is giving a dance during the week at Orchard Lea, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord and Lady Desborough, Lord and Lady Herbert at Datchet, and Lord and Lady Gerard at Bishop's Farm, Clewer, all are entertaining for the races. Next week, for the races, even more than usual, the Thames Valley is the scene of many hospitable adventures, and the journey from Town being so insignificant that everyone who is anyone, or who is in any way interested in the Guards, is going down.

* * *

A Charming Widow

Although staying at Clewer with her sister, Miss Olive Chetwynd, it is not probable that the

Chariot Racing Up to Date

Chariot Racing Up to Date

The Trotting Races at Imber Court on Good Friday showed excellent sport, and the resemblance of the pastime to the Chariot Racing of Roman days gives it a picturesqueness peculiarly its own

Marchioness of Anglesey will attend the Household Brigade Meeting. She is still in deep mourning for her mother, the late Lady Hastings, in order to reach whose deathbed Lady Anglesey travelled night and day from Italy just recently. Lady Anglesey is an interesting, rather pathetic, personality. Her brief married life with the late Marquis of Anglesey, whose *penchant* for pantomimes and diamonds was his most noted characteristic, was made even briefer than it might have been by an early disagreement. They lived together a very short time; but at his death his wife hurried to him, and the end was complete reconciliation.

* * *

Artistic—but Paris

Though very artistic, both in mind and appearance, Lady Anglesey distrusts the artistic *modes* of Regent Street. One would say she dressed *à la* Rossetti rather than *à la* Burne-Jones, for she favours wonderful colours and rich fabrics, and has them fashioned into gowns in Paris, whereas the Burne-Jones school choose "art" muslins and get them thrown together in London. She possesses a quantity of barbaric jewellery, and Rossetti or Holman Hunt alone could do justice to her as I saw her last—her wonderful red hair, blue eyes, and sad face, crowning a gown of vivid blue velvet chequered with trellises of pearls, and worn with a great hanging chain of sapphires and turquoises. Her ladyship has an *appartement* in Paris, but is much in Italy.

* * *

The Present Condition of Trotting

It would be idle to pretend that trotting is a fashionable pastime in this country in the same sense that racing is, nor can we compare its popularity in England with that which it enjoys in America. But the sport is unquestionably interesting, and is still influentially supported. Perhaps the arrival of some of the American crack trotters will widen public interest, and I hear that there is a movement on foot with the object of making a match between the Messrs. Winans's pacers and trotters and the best of the visiting horses. It should be one of the best sporting contests of the summer. That trotting is in a fairly healthy state in England would have been patent to any visitor to Imber Court Park, Thames Ditton, on Good Friday, for the crowd was very big, the racing excellent, the times good. The most interesting performer at the meeting was Mr. R. Isherwood's Grace Greenlander, a mare who established a world's race record on the same track last August, and is a great favourite with followers of trotting.

* * *

Newmarket Craven v. Household Brigade

It is unfortunate, to say the least of it, that the dates for the Newmarket Craven Meeting and the Household Brigade function should be one and the same, viz., the 17th and 18th, Wednesday and Thursday of next week. The Household Brigade Meeting is like the regatta of the same name. Outsiders are looked upon with positive loathing. The common herd, *i.e.* those people who are not connected in any way with the Guards, participate at their peril, as was only too amply proved last summer at the Guards' Regatta, when a punt-load of Townees was deliberately overturned by a quartette of gay young Guardsmen. And still they, the outsiders, come. Cold looks would seem to fail to keep them off, for, to tell you the truth, as an extremely exclusive and very young Guardsman has just confided to me, "This bally Government positively encourages the bounders, don't you know."

A Record Race Crowd

50,000 HOLIDAY-MAKERS AT THE KEMPTON EASTER MEETING

The Crowd at Kempton Park on Bank Holiday

The Midsummer-like weather of the Easter holidays attracted a record crowd at the popular meeting at Kempton Park, it being estimated that 50,000 persons at least were present. Summer dresses and straw hats were to be seen on every side, and there was an entire absence of overcoats. Among those to be seen in summer attire in the Members' Enclosure were Lord Rosebery and his two sons, Lord Dalmeny and the Hon. Neil Primrose, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild

A Real Statue for London!

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Herbert Scott

Who has just joined the well-known motor firm of Rolls-Royce, Ltd. He is the fourth son o the Duke of Buccleuch, and the cousin of another motorist Peer, Lord Montagu, the editor of the *Car*

The Eternal Motor

Motoring, when the luxurious taximeter cab can be hired so cheaply, is so much a daily incident in one's life that it is quite impossible to avoid mention of it now and again. Nowadays, a dinner-party never passes without allusions to clutches, sparking-plugs, and the merits of four or six cylinders. Indeed, to be a good conversationalist to-day one wants to be as *au fait* with the subject as one has to be about golf or bridge. Everybody, too, has his or her particular fancy in the car line. Just now many of the leading cars are undergoing reliability trials, covering distances that fairly make one's head ache. The redoubtable Mr. Jarrott, husband of Lady Rosslyn, broke the record to Monte Carlo the other day on a 30-40 h.-p. Crossley. Another famous car, the 40 h.-p. Siddeley, is undergoing a long-distance trial in the British Isles, and has covered over 7,000 miles with one involuntary stop. The cause of "the involuntary stop" is shown in the photograph opposite, as the car ran into a huge snow-drift a few days ago, which seems rather uncanny in view of the almost tropical heat we have had in the South. Captain Deasy is favouring his own Isle of Erin with a 1,000 miles reliability trial on a Deasy car, and there are others. When the Brooklands Racing Club is opened early in July there is going to be a rush to see the races. In classic days, all Rome used to hasten to witness the chariot races. Now we shall refresh our jaded appetites for new things by watching huge motor-cars tearing round a track at something over 100 miles an hour. Such is evolution!

* * *

The Marriage of a Motorist

And talking of motorists, one of the most intrepid of these has just entered the matrimonial state. Captain Max de Bathe, the son of the late General Sir Henry de Bathe, and brother-in-law of Mrs. Langtry, married, the other day, in Brussels, Lady Miller, the divorced wife of Sir John A. Miller, of Barneyhill, East Lothian, who himself has lately married Miss Evelyn Cookson. Captain de Bathe was once in the Guards, and was always what is known as "a great man with the ladies." His wife, though the last, is by no means the first lady with whose name his own has been linked. He is a motorist of nerve and astounding daring. A Handcross, some little time ago, he had a serious accident. His chauffeur was killed outright, a friend in the car was seriously injured, and Captain Max himself broke his collar-bone. His wife is one of the Leicestershire Pagets, and it will be remembered that Captain Max de Bathe was the co-respondent in her last divorce suit. Mrs. de Bathe has been married three times.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The German Emperor's gift to the English nation

The statue of William III., Prince of Orange, which was the subject of a joke on the part of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who announced that it was to be placed near the Orangery of Kensington Palace

Photo *Lafayette*

The new Earl of Liverpool

Who has just succeeded to the title, owing to the death of his father, the first Earl. The State Steward to Lord Aberdeen, in Dublin, he and his wife, who is a daughter of Lord Monck, are among the most popular people in the city

* * *

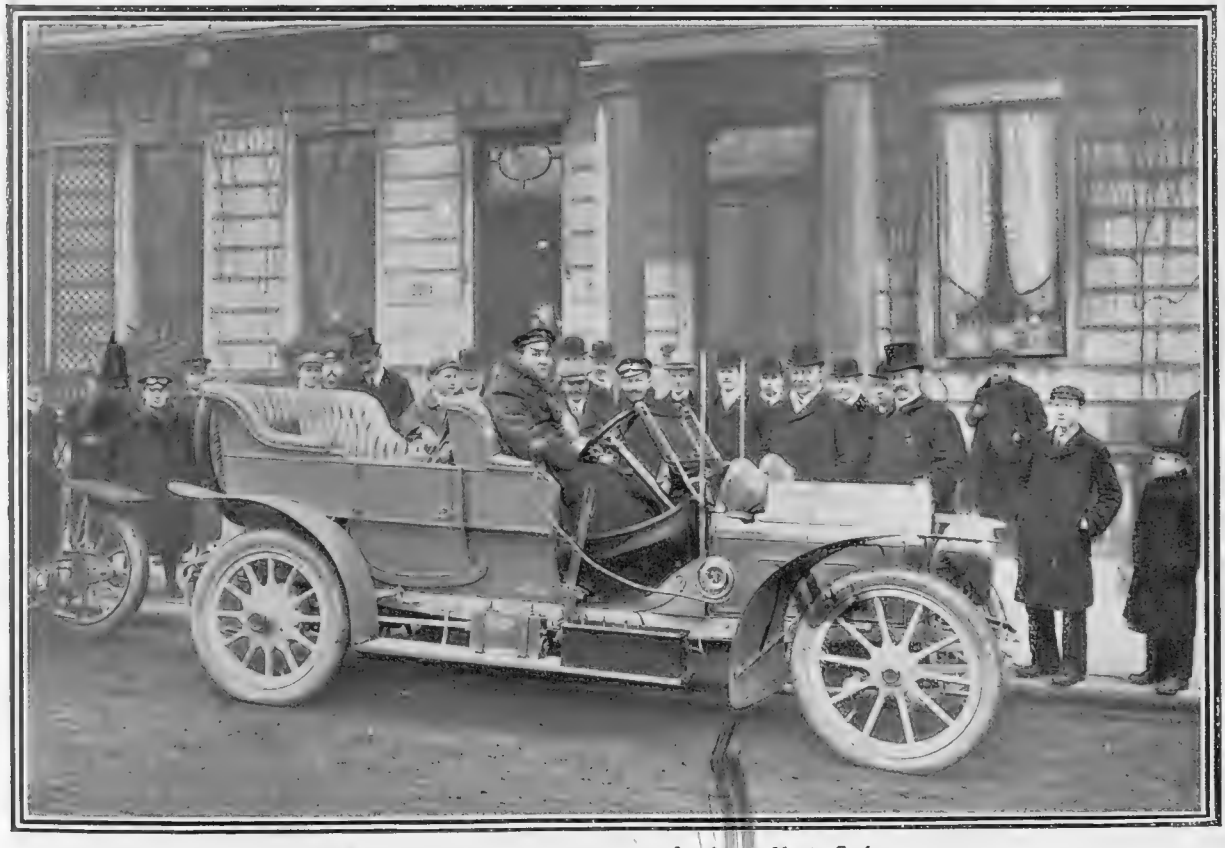
From Soldiering to Motoring

Captain Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., fourth son of the Duke of Buccleuch, who is resigning his commission in order to enter the motor trade, gained distinction in the South African War. He was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, and afterwards served with the Guards' Mounted Infantry. Lord Herbert has also held Staff appointments in India and Malta, and, in spite of the aristocratic nature of his family, has the same leaning to business affairs which distinguishes his elder brother, the Earl of Dalkeith. Lord Herbert Scott is entering the firm of Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited, as a director, and, if the fascination of the motor runs in families, he should be of great use to the firm, for he has Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the editor of the *Car*, as cousin.

Long Distances by Motor

An Involuntary Stop: A Siddeley 40 h.-p. car held up in a snow-drift 25 ft. deep

This Siddeley car is undergoing a long-distance trial under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club. The car has now covered over 7,000 miles with only this one stoppage



Mr. Charles Jarrott's record run from London to Monte Carlo

The photo shows Mr. Jarrott just bidding adieu to his friends outside the Royal Automobile Club, in the run to Monte Carlo, which occupied only 35 hrs. 5 min., and which constitutes a record. The car was a 30-40 h.-p. Crossley

Debutants in Zoo-Society

BABY BEASTS WHICH PLEASED THE BANK HOLIDAY CROWD

A young Giraffe hangs his head—not in dejection, but in quest of buns

A very young Himalayan Bear obliges with a few bearish parlour tricks

Too young to have the hump

A baby Bactrian camel (fourteen days old), with mamma. It has, as will be seen, not as yet developed the hump

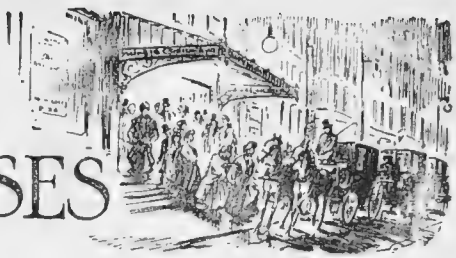
A youthful Elephant provides an agreeable mode of locomotion for the youth of the human species

Photos *W. S. Berridge*

A pretty baby Eland (four days old), also with mamma

THE BYSTANDER photographer, spending his Easter Monday at the Zoo, takes a few snapshots of some of the more popular among the juveniles there encaged. Particularly interesting are the baby camel and the baby eland, here shown under the strict chaperonage of fond parents

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

HAYMARKET

"The Palace of Puck"

It is difficult to write a fantasy for the stage. I cannot tell whether Mr. W. J. Locke has succeeded or not until I see the play played. At the Haymarket, *The Palace of Puck* is trampled upon. In this fantastic comedy not a player strikes the note of fantasy. So rough are the methods of the players that they are continually tearing holes in the delicate fabric weaved by the author. Some day I hope to take *The Palace of Puck* into the study and people it with the players of my imagination. Here is the play in a nutshell. Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Marion Terry are husband and wife. They are Philistines from somewhere in Suburbia. Each has a vein of charm, but it is deep down. Suddenly dumped into a *château* full of delightfully irresponsible and charming people, this Colonial broker and his wife begin to shed their Philistinism. The romance in the nature of each is brought to the surface through association with a charming member of the opposite sex. So husband and wife are brought to love each other through their dalliance, the one with the Witch (Miss Miriam Clements), the other with the Dreamer (Mr. Ben Webster). It is a pretty conceit, but not as played at the Haymarket.

The play is ludicrously miscast. This is so rare a happening at the Haymarket as to accentuate the pity of it. Mr. Fred Kerr makes but a pathetic attempt to appear narrow-minded, conventional, pompous, and unattractive. Mr. Kerr has the air and bearing of a very delightful man of the world. He is the type of man to whom a scapegrace goes with the tale, "Look here, old chap, I've got into a devil of a scrape. Get me out of it." Mr. Kerr stalks about the *château* in the vain endeavour to dissociate himself from the merry crowd of artists, poets, and musicians. In reality he is one of them. He pretends to be scandalised by their outlook upon humanity. He is not.

Miss Marion Terry fares no better in the attempt to disguise her natural charms. Again, it is essential for the right playing of this comedy that the Witch and the Dreamer have an air of unreality. They should be rather spirits than real flesh-and-blood man and woman. Miss Miriam Clements and Mr. Ben Webster are too literal in their reading of the characters. Miss Clements can see the woman in the character, but not the angel. Mr. Webster plays the Dreamer in a passionate, "leading-man" style which utterly destroys any notion of fantasy. He can see the man, not the god. Even Mr. H. V. Esmond could not avoid traces of self-consciousness in his performance. A self-conscious Puck!

Perhaps first-night nervousness has something to do with the failure of the company to attune themselves to the author's note of mock-seriousness. They may improve. Until they do, I can only think of Mr. W. J. Locke as a figure of despair, beating his breast and uttering lamentations.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Valli-Valli

Who is now playing in *Her Love Against the World* at the Lyceum. With this piece, melodrama, so long vanished from the West-End theatres, again makes its appearance, and, from the reception the play has had, appears to be still in demand

GIGANTIC !

Paris always puts me in a good humour. I am astounded by my vivacity and *bonhomie* for the first day or so after my return. This faint reflection of the Gallic temperament is no more lasting than sunburn. It wears off, leaving me as reserved (I had nearly written stodgy) as my countrymen.

On my return from the *Fête des Pâques* I met a man who knew me slightly. So, with the kindly design of broaching a topic in my line, he said, "Rum thing about that giantess at the Hippodrome."

Instead of replying "Isn't it?" in a tone so weary that to continue the subject would be like flogging a tired horse, I cried, "Ha! So there is a giantess at the Hippodrome. My dear chap, tell me all about it."

He commenced upon the details — height, nationality, general appearance. Upon the beauty of the new "turn" he did not wax very eloquent.

"But the strangeness of the affair is yet to come," he continued.

"So I suppose," I said. "How have they managed to get her into the papers?"

He darted a look of annoyance upon me.

"It is a romance," he said, rather stiffly.

"Come now," I said gaily, "I love to hear of romances. If you will tell us yours, I will cap it with a better from my own experience."

He recovered his humour.

"Hanged if a giant hasn't fallen in love with her, and been bombarding the management for an introduction to her."

The Paris humour in me faded several shades. I wished I knew the man better, so that I could slap him on the back and shout ribald remarks. But I forebore.

He mistook my passivity for receptivity, and resumed his tale :

"He is a rich Australian from Wagga Wagga. Been following her all round Europe. Tracked her to London. Bought up the theatre. Renewed appeals to management. They behaved pretty decently. Said lady had been confided to them by her father and mother, and while she was under their care she would be allowed intercourse with no one whose references would not bear the strictest investigation—— My dear chap, are you ill?"

"It's nothing," I murmured, in a weak voice. "Mere temporary faintness."

"Paris," he said, significantly.

"Perhaps. But please go on."

"Well, the giant was a rare plucked 'un. In the face of almost insurmountable objections, he persisted in his suit. The climax came last Thursday week, when he stood up in the stalls and actually addressed the lady."

I wiped the perspiration from my brow.

"Thought that would surprise you," said the man.

"It has," I said. "Well?"

"There was a scene, I can tell you. The giant was hustled out. He came again. Scene repeated. Finally, he was refused admission. Bit of a scuffle. Giant's hat knocked off—— Brace up!"

"Go on," I said.

"The sequel of the affair was told in the Police Courts. Summons against manager of Hippodrome. But I forgot to tell you the episode of the motor-car."

A "Gigantic" Love Affair: Mr. Clive Darril, the Australian Giant, meets Miss Mariedl, now appearing at the Hippodrome

More than usual interest has been caused by the appearance of the Tyrolean giantess at the Hippodrome, for she has an ardent suitor for her hand in the person of Mr. Clive Darril, a wealthy Australian, who is also of great stature. The Hippodrome authorities, however, refused him an introduction, but Mr. Darril, who has followed Miss Mariedl all over Europe, was successful in obtaining one at Guildford, where our photograph was taken

Berlin's Beautiful Kroll Theatre

WHERE MR. TREE WILL PLAY BEFORE THE KAISER THIS WEEK

A Corner of the Theatre Supper-room

The Open-air Restaurant

Adjoining the theatre is a typical German garden restaurant, which is open to the public at all times, but which is chiefly filled by a well-dressed crowd during the twenty-minute intervals between the acts and after the performance. How the English visitor must wish that such an arrangement was common in this country

Photos *British Journal of Photography*

The Kroll Theatre, situated in the Thiergarten, Berlin

The Kroll Theatre, which is to be the scene of a series of Shakespearean performances by Mr. Tree from April 12, at which the Kaiser has signified his intention of being present, is one of the three State theatres in Berlin, and its picturesque situation marks it out among the homes of the drama in the German capital. Like other Berlin theatres devoted to serious drama, every seat in the house may be booked in advance, and before the performance each visitor has to hand his or her hat to an attendant, while late arrivals may only go to their places in the short intervals between the acts

I groaned.

"Please don't tell me," I said, in a faint whisper, "that the giant pursued the giantess in a motor-car."

"How did you know?" asked my friend sharply.

"Intuition. Sometimes these things literally burst upon me. It is an uncanny faculty of mine. Sort of second sight."

"Then I need tell you no more?"

"Do."

"Well, the giant's motor-car overtook the motor-car of the giantess at Guildford. Notwithstanding the opposition of the lady's manager, the lengthy couple were introduced, and it was finally agreed that her manager should write to her parents in the Tyrol inquiring whether they would consent to her betrothal to—— Hold *up*, man!"

"Drink," I said feebly.

He supported my tottering footsteps to the nearest bar. When the colour came into my cheeks again, the man expressed contrition.

"If I had known you would be so affected by the story, I should not have told it. Now for yours."

"You have taken all the shine out of my poor little yarn," I said. "It is commonplace to a degree. My lay shall remain unsung. But I once knew an American actress who travelled through the States with a gentleman who is known as a Press agent. This man was a regular hoodoo to her. All through his administration of her Press affairs misfortune dogged her footsteps. Once she was mistaken for another woman and was kidnapped for a whole afternoon, only just managing to turn up for the evening performance; twice she narrowly escaped death in rescuing little children from trolley cars; thrice she lost all her jewellery. Finally, and not without shedding a tear, she dismissed this faithful Press agent.

"And then?"

"And then the woman lived happily ever afterwards."

WALDORF THEATRE

"The Gipsy Girl"

Mr. Claude Arundale, with very slight assistance, has written and composed a musical play. Some day, when he has broken away from tradition, the new author-composer will do better work.

Mr. E. H. Sothern

The American actor, who, with Miss Julia Marlowe, is shortly opening a three weeks' season at the Waldorf

The Gipsy Girl is modelled upon very old lines. The curtain rises upon the outside of "The Jolly Ploughman," and the opening chorus is sung by village maidens down front, village men in the background, and a sprinkling of "granfers" in smock frocks.

Somehow, this *mise-en-scène* suggests to the intelligence of the sophisticated playgoer the advent of the Squee-igher and party. The sophisticated one is not mistaken. Now, the Squire (the previous spelling of his title is a phonetic rendering of it as pronounced by a "granfer" with three lines and a dodder) has a son (Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald) who writes poetry. You can imagine the humour of this character — aggravated as it is by Mr. Fitzgerald's well-known hiccuppy laugh. There is a Professor of the old comic school, with black coaching hat, spreading tie, and white spats.

The Professor has a son (Mr. Gordon Cleather), who makes love to the Gipsy Girl (Miss Sybil Arundale). The Gipsy Girl has a comic showman guardian (Mr. Fred Eastman). And now the party is complete. The burden of the piece rests lightly upon the shoulders of Miss Sybil Arundale, who acts, dances, and sings with much verve and charm.

E. C. S.

Photos *Sands and Brady*

Miss Julia Marlowe

The well-known American actress, whom British playgoers will have an opportunity of seeing in *The Sunken Bell* at the Waldorf which she is producing with Mr. E. H. Sothern

THE KROLL THEATRE

The Kroll Theatre, where Mr. Tree and his company are playing this week, is the smallest of the three State theatres in Berlin, but its picturesque situation in the Thiergarten, near the Sieges Allée, marks it out among the homes of the drama in the German capital. Adjoining the theatre is a typical German garden restaurant, which is open to the public at all times, but is chiefly thronged by a well-dressed crowd during the twenty-minute intervals between the acts and after the performance. The London playgoer who struggles for a drink in the theatre bar must surely pronounce the arrangements common in German theatres one of the things done better in the Fatherland.

Like other Berlin theatres devoted to serious drama, every seat in the house is "bookable," and every seatholder, before entering, must give his or her headgear into the charge of an attendant. Moreover, as soon as the overture commences, admission to the auditorium is forbidden. A brief interval is afforded before the curtain rises, but once a play has commenced, a late visitor, if his seat happens to be a good one, must wait until the conclusion.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Parisian Art World

The Paris artistic world is busy preparing for the *Salons*, the first of which (La Société Nationale de Beaux Arts) is to be opened this week by M. Fallières. Those who are interested in the exhibits have been visiting the different studios to see the pictures before they go to the *Salons*; it is an excellent opportunity, at the same time, for meeting one's friends.

M. Roll, the president of the Société, is sending, among other things, the portrait of a beautiful *blonde*, standing against a background of summer foliage. The picture loses a great deal in reproduction, for perhaps its greatest merit is its colouring. The delicate tints of mauve and pink in the drapery of the model, which harmonise so well with the colours of the background, are, of course, completely lost. Upon the best of portrait painters, the artistic historian of the age, Léon Bonnat, is conferred the honour of painting the Presidents. This year he exhibits M. Fallières, a striking likeness and a fine piece of work. M. Jules Cayron remains faithful to his own particular branch of art, the smart Parisian. In his picture, "Le Potin," a group of ladies are assembled in a Parisian drawing-room eagerly listening to a piece of scandal about the visitor whom the hostess is escorting to the door.

A Painter Prince

Prince Borghidad Karageorgevitch, who is exhibiting some exquisitely designed jewellery at the Exhibition of the Société de Beaux Arts in Paris. He is a cousin of King Peter of Servia

* * *

The Classical Exhibit

M. Aman-Jean is only exhibiting two things this year, a portrait and a decorative panel, but quality takes the place of quantity. His portrait of Mlle. E. Kermichel is one of the best he has done. M. Montenard is also exhibiting a decorative panel—a huge classical subject which would take a long time to describe, and of which French artists are so fond. Many painters try this branch of art long before they are capable of producing any good work. Is it to have the same taste as M. Dujardin-Beaumetz? I wonder. For this gentleman, assisted by an advisory board, whose advice he never by any chance accepts, is entrusted with the patronage of works of art.

* * *

A Painter Prince

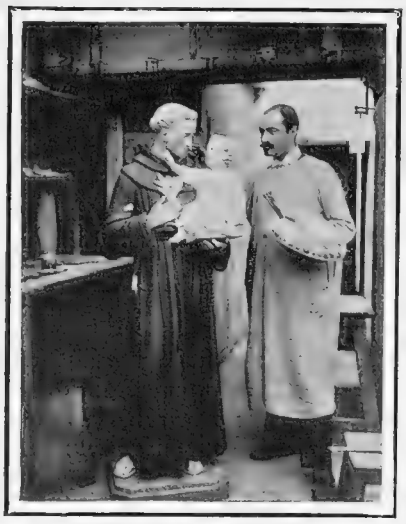
Prince Borghidad Karageorgevitch is exhibiting some exquisite jewellery. At last fortune seems to be smiling on this unhappy exile, for year by year his work is becoming better known and more appreciated. Two years ago he was elected associate of the Société de Beaux Arts, and his work purchased by the State is to be seen in the Luxembourg. In December, he tells me, he is to have a big exhibition at the Leicester Galleries in London, where, amongst other things, will be seen the work which he has executed for the South Kensington Museum. The Prince, like so many of his countrymen, is richer in ideas than in money, but considering the enormous amount of work he sells and the big prices he obtains, the Prince is not so much to be pitied as people would suppose. He and his mother live in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where they have a house of their own, and in order that his mother should not in any way lack comfort, the Prince works with ardour. Every morning by a quarter to eight he is in his workshop, and there he remains till six o'clock, stopping only a quarter of an hour for lunch. Possessed of even more determination than is usual in his race, the Prince will overcome any obstacles. Nature has endowed him with fingers which bend back to an extent I have never seen before. To many persons this deformity would be of no account, but to the Prince it is a serious handicap; it makes it almost impossible for him to work on his tiny wax models, and that which should take him half an hour is never finished under four hours. Yet he does not despair; he hopes to be able to invent some method of working with his hands inverted.

* * *

A Born Artist

The Prince is an artist to the tips of his crooked fingers. For six years he has been working at artistic

jewellery and embossed work, but before that he studied art in all its branches, from portrait painting to designing and sculpture. From Nature he takes the most of his designs. For instance, the other day I saw a set of gold buttons, each a flower at a different stage—the bud, the blossom, and the fruit; and a paper-knife, the handle of which was composed of eucalyptus flowers and the blade of leaves. In his pendants and rings, he sets the stones with quite as much dexterity as the best Parisian jewellers. Exceedingly well-read, the Prince spends his evening writing articles, giving lessons, and designing. The time he loses in modelling he certainly gains in designing. He draws so rapidly and correctly that a lady the other afternoon had a wager with him that he could not draw a design on a paper pinned on his own back. Naturally, she lost. The Prince is exceedingly tall, and very thin, and this accentuates the length of his long face. Of art he is never tired of speaking, and he is willing to converse on most subjects—except Servia.



A Few Finishing Touches

An artist at work in a Saint factory colouring the face of one of his models. The large-size figures are cast in sections, and fitted together with tongue-pieces

The Artists' Room at a Saint Factory

In France, and especially around Paris, there are several factories especially for the manufacture of images of Saints, which are such a common feature in the churches and shrines by the road side

Exile to him cannot mean what it does to his mother, and even now, after forty years, if she speaks to you of Servia, her eyes will fill with tears. It is extremely difficult for anyone who has not been in Servia to know exactly what is taking place there. All sorts of alarming telegrams come to us *viâ* Austria, where they are corrected and exaggerated, and often they contain not a grain of truth. Austria, as everyone knows, is Servia's greatest enemy, for Peter I., unlike his predecessor, has deserted her, and sought in Russia the needed moral and material support. On the other hand, however, it is not quite possible to believe the glowing accounts of peace and prosperity one hears from the Servians themselves.

* * *

The Present Servian Monarch

Quite recently, at Nice, I met one of the principal regicides, who now occupies a high official position in his own country. I asked him what it felt like to be a regicide, but he was extremely surprised at my question, being, like the rest of the conspirators, proud of his action, and posing as a "great patriot." He emphatically denied the fact that the heir to the throne is incapable of reigning, although Europe is aware of the outrageous conduct to which he has at times been subjected, and of his audacious escapade at Vienna with the lowest of music-hall artists. To call him mad is the most charitable interpretation. That Peter is helpless in the hands of these regicides is only too obvious. And yet he has done his best. At an ordinary time, who could have made a better monarch than a descendant of the great Kara George, he who for nine years struggled against the Turks. With his ancestor's intelligence and chivalry, he should have been able to contribute to the glory of his country; but he cannot, for over the land floats a blood-stained flag, and only centuries can wash it out.

* * *

A Possible King of Servia

Of the fact that Peter is a usurper, most people are aware. If, as he says, it is in spite of himself that he is sitting on the throne which should be his cousin's (for Prince Borghidad is the son of the elder brother), he should at least have tried to make amends to his exiled cousin for the merciless treatment they received at the hands of the Obrenovitch. Prince Borghidad's unhappy mother had to fly for her life in the middle of the night, and, unlike Eugénie in the days of her pomp, she had not made provision for an unhappy future. Yet the Princess is ambitious. She would be the mother of a King, even though his country be Servia. During her forty years of exile she has been hoping against hope, and to-day she firmly believes at any time her son may be called upon to reign.

Whether Prince Borghidad would accept the crown is another question; possibly he would, for few men have been known to refuse a throne. Yet working in the jeweller's shop, preparing his exhibitions and giving his lessons, his

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

"Notre Dame de Lourdes"

A copy of the famous figure at Lourdes, on which the artist is gilding the embroidery after removing the marks of the moulds

head will lie easier than when he wears the Servian crown. As a King, he may or may not be a success; Borghidad, the artistic jeweller, will always excite the pity of all. If, as he intends after taking his wares to London, he goes on to New York, he will carry all before him. How many dollars would America not give to have his Royal signature?

* * *

The Saint Factories of Paris

One thing that always impresses a stranger on his first visit to France is the enormous number of shrines and images one sees in the churches and by the road side. To supply the demand created by such universal use there are many large factories, especially in Paris, devoted to their manufacture. In the photographs opposite, Saints of all sorts and sizes will be seen in the course of construction, from the immense altar-piece representing the Nativity—the superb painting and gilding of which is a work of art of no mean order—down to the tiny crucifixes for private use.

The large-sized models are cast in sections and fitted together with tongue-pieces. One of the illustrations shows an immense representation of the popular "Notre Dame de Lourdes," upon the bottom sections of which a workman has just been busy removing the marks of the moulds and can now be seen putting on the finishing touches necessary before the work is passed on to the paint-shop. In this room numerous artists paint and gild an infinite variety of finished castings before they take their place in the beautiful show galleries to be exhibited to the admiring gaze of intending purchasers.

A Meeting-place of Monarchs: The Place des Tauraux, Cartagena

Cartagena was during the past week agog with expectation, and was lavishly decorated with flags and fl wers in view of the visit to Spain of King Edward. A bull fight is an inevitable part of Spanish festivities in honour of a monarch, and the above is the exterior of Cartagena's historic arena

Women Journalists in France

Although the woman journalist in France is considered at present as an almost unknown *genus*, it is curious how many women have been entrusted with difficult missions. Mme. Juliette Adam, the only woman whom Victor Hugo invited to his last important political dinner, Mme. Severine, orator and writer, and the late Mme. Blanc, all undertook important expeditions. And now, Mme. Léra, wife of the Mexican Minister in St. Petersburg, has gone to Morocco to study the conditions of the people. Every country in the world has Mme. Léra visited except India; she is absolutely fearless, and what would be the use of a timid woman in Morocco in its present disturbed state.

So far, I hear, she has visited Marnia, Ujda, and Marrakesh, and everywhere she has been struck by the enormous amount of disease. The large majority of the people are suffering from a horrible malady contracted by eating their food mixed with mud. Small-pox, too, is prevalent, but Mme. Léra was not afraid. In and out of the pestilent hovels of the people she bravely picked her way. The only help she can suggest for these unhappy creatures is for them to be attended by the European doctors; but with the fate that has awaited the unhappy Dr. Mauchamp in view, how many would be willing to make such a sacrifice? Then the women have to be considered. No male doctor can penetrate into their homes. For this reason, Mme. Léra appeals to the women of all lands to go out to these unhappy beings, if not in the capacity of doctor, at least as nurse.

Photos *E. N. A.*

Cartagena: The Place de Religieuses

Cartagena, which was originally founded in 242 B.C., was, during the height of Spain's prosperity, the fi est naval arsenal in Europe. Parts of the town still present a Moorish aspect, but most of its buildings are in rather a neglected condition. A mass of small houses, which spoiled the view of its Town Hall from the harbour, have been hastily demolished in honour of King Edward's visit

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN A

(IN T VE

SCENE THE TENTH

(THE LAST RESORT)

The Gilded Youth, his parents still r
tries to "raise the wind," but unsu
se

AKE'S PROGRESS

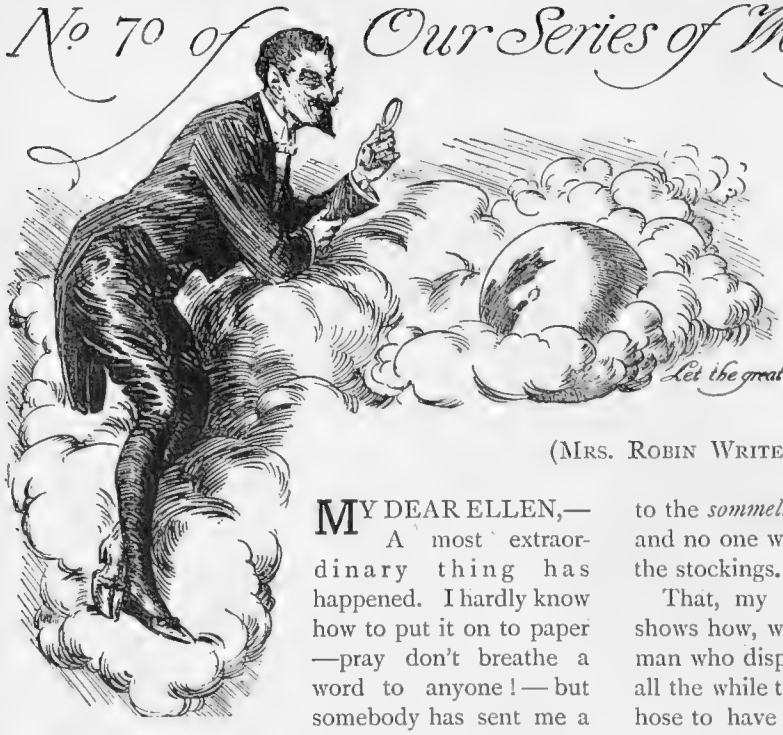
VE SCENES

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

refusing to countenance his marriage,
cessfully, as he fails to provide any
urity

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

No. 70 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



"Here's Hose For You"

By RICHARD MARSH

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

(Mrs. Robin Writes to a Friend)

MY DEAR ELLEN,—A most extraordinary thing has happened. I hardly know how to put it on to paper—pray don't breathe a word to anyone!—but somebody has sent me a dozen pairs of silk stockings, and I can't think who. It is decidedly awkward. I don't know a woman who'd send them, and certainly not a man who would dare. The very best quality, lace fronts, and champagne colour—an exact match for that new frock I told you of, to say nothing of the shoes. I've been hunting all over this wretched place for just that shade, and could not find any in the least like; when I opened the box and saw them I felt as if they had tumbled from the skies. And not a word to say who they were from!

Really, I hardly knew what to do. Of course, if they were from something masculine I should have had to take hold of them with a pair of tongs, and put them outside my bedroom door; but were they? Pale blue silk clocks, and a pierced heart in pale blue silk just under the top seam—most surprising! Not the least curious part of it was that they came just as I was putting on the gown they matched, and when I saw what a perfect match they were, it would have been contrary to human nature not, at any rate, to have tried one of them on; and just as I was putting on the other—because I was so enchanted with the appearance of the first—who should come into the room, with another parcel in his hand, but the *sommelier*. Of course I screamed. He said he knocked, but I never heard him, so I took the parcel—with nine or ten inches of champagne-coloured silk stocking trailing out from under the hem of my skirt—and when I opened it, if inside there were not three pairs of corsets.

My dear, that was beyond a joke. They were not my corsets; and who would venture to make me such an offering. Sky-blue, high, low, and frightfully *décolleté*—perfect of their kind—but really! So I put them back in their boxes, and left them on the bed, and went out in the stockings—I had them on, it seemed hardly worth while taking them off. I was only just going over to the Casino to look on—it couldn't possibly do them any harm; when I came back I would take them off, repack them, return them to the *sommelier*, explain that they were not for me, and no one would be a penny the worse—least of all, the stockings.

That, my dear, was the programme; and it only shows how, when a woman proposes, sometimes it's a man who disposes. Between ourselves I had a feeling all the while that I should have liked my title to those hose to have been more clearly established; but, at the same time, since I did have them on, I felt that I might as well hint to the world in general how perfectly *en suite* I was; so I daresay that, as I went down the steps of the hotel, I did have my skirts a trifle abridged. But that was no reason why a man who was at the foot of them should have first stared at the sight of me, and then, when his glance d scended to my ankles, give a positive jump. He was what I should describe as plump, quite as old as he need be, decidedly French, with a ridiculous moustache, and a fancy waistcoat which would have looked better on something slimmer.

My dear, the individual was actually offensive. I am used to being stared at, goodness knows—while men are what they are, a presentable woman has to get used—but there are limits, and that individual passed them. I thought he was going to speak to me. He distinctly smiled, and seemed to expect that I was going to smile at him; when I looked vitriolic instead, his round face went rounder. I swept by him as if he wasn't there; before I'd taken a dozen steps, he was after me. Oh, I knew; one need not look behind to be aware that one is being followed. And I had a disagreeable feeling that, more than anything else, he was contemplating what was visible of my ankles. Of course, I might have obscured them, and there would have been an end of it; but I was not going to be bullied—because it would have amounted to that—by a person who, I daresay, would have turned the scale at fourteen stone, though he was under five foot eight. Across the courtyard I went, and after me he came. I knew from the first he was going to speak to me, and I made up my mind to wither him—no matter what his nationality, I can wither a man of a certain sort as well as anyone. The point was that he did not turn out to be the sort that I'd expected—and that's where I'd miscalculated.

He kept gaining on me, a little at a time; he did it very well, but I was not going to run away from him. Then, just as I was commencing to ascend the

(*Continued on page 82*)

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In His Father's Greatest Rôle

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. H. B. Irving as Matthias in "The Bells"

It was as Matthias in *The Bells*, originally played at the Lyceum in 1878, that the late Sir Henry Irving first sprang into prominence. It is now in the *répertoire* of the great actor's now famous son, whose interpretation lends itself to interesting comparisons. Mr. H. B. Irving has lately returned from America, and is now touring in the provinces

(*Continued from page 80*)

Casino steps, he spoke to me, as I'd anticipated. But, my dear Ellen, what he said petrified me. Consider my situation.

"*Bon jour*, Madame Robin."

He spoke in French, and he pronounced my name as Frenchmen do, but it was my name—and it amazed me that he knew it. I turned to stare, thoroughly taken aback; and the more I looked the more I was convinced that he was a complete stranger—I could not possibly have among my acquaintance a man who would wear such a waistcoat with his figure. It was incredible—the audacity of the man! Oh, I tried to crush him!

"Sir," I said—only I spoke in French—"you have the advantage of me."

But he was uncrushable. He had his hat in his hand, and, with only a fringe of hair over each of his ears, he was all smirks and smiles.

"Madame Robin," he said, "I know you by my stockings." Fancy having such a remark addressed to you, on the steps of the Casino, in the middle of the afternoon, in broad daylight, with all the people going in and out, in a perfectly audible tone of voice, by a complete stranger!—by his stockings, you will observe, not mine! Conceive my feelings! What the creature meant I had not a notion until—well, my dear Ellen, what do you think he did? He stretched out a stick he was holding, and with the end of it he touched my right ankle, and he said, "My stocking!" For the moment I had clean forgotten, it had gone out of my head entirely—wasn't it natural? what could you expect?—but when he said that, and touched me—actually!—down there, with his stick—my dear, I nearly had a fit. I know I staggered on the steps of the Casino. Because, of course, then I at once perceived that there must be some sinister connection between that short, plump, bald-headed, unattractive-looking person and those champagne-coloured silk stockings which I had been lured into trying on. If I had had any doubts on the subject they would have been dissipated by the extraordinary remarks that he persisted in addressing to me. I know I was swaying about the steps of the Casino. "Ah, Madame Robin, should I not know my own stockings?—with a heart—my own heart!—right on the top of them! But to see them so soon on your beautiful limbs—(limbs is the word I use, he didn't)—that was a compliment which was not expected. And the corsets——"

My dear, he didn't drop his voice. I had, practically, to run for it. There was a most painful scene. He kept on talking, and I was speechless, simply because I could say nothing—what could I have said? I couldn't explain, at the top of my voice—I am sure it would have been worse if I had tried to whisper!—think of whispering to a strange man on such a subject!—before all those people—you know what sort of crowd does go to the Casino in the afternoon—it would have been perfectly impossible—at least, for me. All I could do was to get back to the hotel as fast as ever I could, and that I did do—without thinking of going into the rooms, that was out of the question, though as I had planned to have a little flutter, you can fancy my disappointment; especially as I had decided to play on a wonderful system which I found in a little book which I picked up second-hand some months ago for 50 centimes, and have never yet tried, so I feel certain I should have won—but it always is like that; when I am sure of winning I never do get a chance. And there was that dreadful person sticking to my heels, and talking about such things, and expecting me to answer him. It's fortunate that I'm a married woman; if I'd been single, I don't know what I should have felt—though, heaven knows, nowadays some girls know more than anyone. He never left me once till we got back to the hotel, and I don't believe he once stopped talking; then I wrenched myself away and dashed upstairs and tore them off—at least, I didn't exactly tear them off for fear of tearing them; if I'd torn his stockings, what might have been the consequences it makes me tremble to think. Then I put them back in the box and looked at the wrapper, and then I saw it was addressed "Madame Robinne," double "n" and an "e"—which only shows that you seldom ought to open anything, no matter who brings it to your bedroom, without looking first to see if it's for you, particularly as it was the same with the corsets; there was "Madame Robinne," with another double "n" and another "e"—so that it will be a lesson which will last me the rest of my life. Then I rang the bell, and handed both parcels back to the *sommelier*, with such a look, because, of course, it was all his fault, and if he weren't so good-looking, with iron-grey hair and a most deferential manner, I'm nearly certain that I should not tip him, as, if it hadn't been for him, I should never have had my ankles prodded in public by that plump man's stick, to say nothing of the remarks which he almost shouted at me.

Practically, I stayed in my room the whole remainder of the day, only going downstairs to eat a few mouthfuls of dinner, because if I eat absolutely no dinner you know what I suffer; though goodness knows afterwards I wished I had starved first, even if it had killed me, which, probably, in the present weak state of my health, it would have done. That pain in my back is not the least bit better, it comes on every morning as regularly as clockwork when they bring my tea; I shall have to see someone in the end if it keeps on, though I will not go to Bath, no matter what the doctors say. For dulness, it beats anything; I never shall forget the last time I was there—never! How is it that it's impossible to live in any of the places in England in which they cure you? Is it the climate or the national temperament? My dear, I don't understand it, because even clergymen are all right when you meet them abroad. However you can allow yourself to be sent to Malvern is beyond my comprehension; the way in which the women there put their clothes on gives me an attack of melancholia.

But as I was about to say, when I drifted off to the pain in my back, as I was coming out of the *salle à manger*, who should I encounter in the *salle de lecture* but the short, plump, bald-headed person with a woman—such a woman! She was twice his size round and two inches shorter—and her beard! to say nothing of her moustache! How women, no matter what their age, contrive to get such ornaments I can't think. She had on a heliotrope chiffon velvet gown and a hat to match, with an ostrich feather in it which I daresay cost someone twenty pounds. I was so lost in staring at the spectacle she presented that I never saw him till he was on me, and then there was no escaping. Before I had had time to take my breath he had introduced her to me—actually! My dear, she was Madame Robinne—that woman!—think of it! And she had them on, because she lifted up her skirt to show me. However she managed to get into them is beyond me; you never saw such a sight—talk about monstrous!

Then they explained—the pair of them. It was no good my trying to stop them, because it wasn't to be done. I never heard such a tale before, and I didn't hear much of it then, not to what you might call assimilate.

(*Continued on page 84*)

"The Gipsy Girl"

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Sybil Arundale as the Gipsy Girl at the Waldorf

Miss Arundale first made her appearance on the stage at the age of seven at Drury Lane. She played the title-rôle of *My Lady Molly* both at Terry's Theatre and on tour, and has since appeared in several of Mr. George Edwardes' productions

(*Continued from page 82*)

You know how loquacious French people of a certain class can be, and they both of them spoke together, but from what I could make out, each of them—or both of them—had been advertising for a husband—or a wife—I am not expressing myself very clearly, but you know what I mean—you know those funny little advertisements, all abbreviations, in the Paris papers, some for *bonnes pour tout faire*, and some for husbands and wives, and some for the advertisers themselves alone know what. In that way they'd been brought together—through the post, that is—and they'd corresponded with each other, and the result was that they'd made a rendezvous for him to meet her at this very hotel, and as a sort of herald of his coming he had sent her those stockings and those sky-blue corsets. You know, my dear, how very French some people's notions are, and they, being natives of the country, were more French even than most. And that was how, through the stupidity of that *sommelier*, to whom, if I didn't like the way he has of bowing every time he comes in or out of the room, I wouldn't give a farthing, those abominable parcels came my way; and, also, that is how, owing to his having never seen her before, except in a photograph—and I can't believe there's any photograph which she resembles—he came to mistake me for her. My dear, how do you think he explained his mistake? He pressed the tips of his fingers against that astounding fancy waistcoat—he still had it on—and he smiled a smile which you could see extended to the crown of his bald head, and he said:

"As you will perceive, madame, how could I tell that the wrong legs were in my stockings?"

I am leaving to-morrow. I don't know where I'm going, but I can't stay here; I can't run the risk of meeting that man twenty times a day. I know each time he will refer to what I can't bear to think of—he's that kind of man. All the same, it's most embarrassing. I had meant to stay here at least another month, and now I'm utterly stranded. Monte Carlo is the only place which agrees with me at this time of the year. I will not go to Mentone, I hate that train; and nothing will induce me to believe that Nice isn't smelly. It's no use your writing to me, because in my present state of disarrangement and unsettlement I can't give you an address to which to write—probably when I can, I shall be in the hands of the doctors. Only by good luck have I kept out of their clutches so far, and if this deserts me where is a woman who has buried her husband five years on Tuesday fortnight to turn for help? I don't know how many men I have kept at arm's length since then. I only hope that when you hear from me again I shall still be in the land of the living—you know how fervently I believe in ghosts, and how convinced I am that I saw the late Mr. R. that Friday night when I thought my end had come! I feel sure that an attack of some sort is coming on, and all through that *sommelier*. I do wish he had less distinction, so that I could make up my mind to treat him as he deserves, and not unmake it directly afterwards. From Yours, in what I can only describe as a state of mental dishevelment.—G. R.

P.S.—I am sure to dream of her inside them! If there is a nightmare about I'm bound to have it! And that plump man's waistcoat! What a pair, my dear, dear Ellen! RICHARD MARSH.

"THE BYSTANDER" AFLOAT

A snapshot on Belfast Lough, by Miss Peyman, The Red House, Walton-on-Thames

"I'd be a Butterfly"

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Claire Rickards, who is now playing one of the Butterflies in "My Darling" at the Hicks Theatre

Producing a "Sketch"

By G. D. LYNCH

SCENE: THE OFFICE OF A VARIETY AGENT. *All the chairs are occupied by ladies who are already members of the profession or aspirants for the variety stage. Three or four men are lounging about, or seated in negligent attitudes on the edge of a table littered with old copies of the "Stage" and other journals devoted to theatrical matters, all very much out of date. A clerk at a desk writes down the names of the visitors on a slip of paper and passes them through a wicket-hole in the wall to where the* MANAGER *is enthroned.*

The AUTHOR, *having successfully passed this ordeal, is admitted into the* INNER SANCTUM, *in which is seated the* MANAGER, *a gentleman who wears an eyeglass which he never removes from his eye, and a very glossy silk hat which he never removes from his head. The* AUTHOR *is naturally impressed.*

MANAGER: Well, I've read your sketch, *The Man with Three Wives*, and I think we can do something with it.

AUTHOR: Oh!

MANAGER (*suavely*): Now, what do you want us to do with it? Do you want us to produce it for you? Do you wish to produce it yourself? Do you want to sell it, or what?

AUTHOR: Well, I don't quite know.

MANAGER (*blandly*): It's just as you like. We can produce it, or get someone to produce it for you. Tell us what you wish, and it shall be done.

AUTHOR: Well, I suppose if I produced it myself I should have to pay the actors?

MANAGER: Undoubtedly.

AUTHOR: Then there would be difficulties about keeping them together, as I don't intend to play in it myself.

MANAGER: Quite so; and if they were out for a week or a fortnight you would have to go on paying them just the same; you couldn't let them go.

AUTHOR: I suppose I had better let you work it on a royalty.

MANAGER: Well, you wouldn't make so much out of it that way; but as you don't want the bother and worry of it—what royalty do you require?

AUTHOR: Oh—er—six guineas a week.

MANAGER: Too much; you'll never get it. About three-and-six a performance, that's what you'll get.

AUTHOR: Is that all?

MANAGER: Soon mounts up, you know, if it goes and has a long run. Besides, no reason why you shouldn't work two halls a night, with two shows at each. That would be all right, eh?

AUTHOR: Yes; it does not take very long to act.

MANAGER: It did as you wrote it, but I've cut it down.

AUTHOR (*anxiously*): Oh!

MANAGER (*complacently*): I think you'll find it improved.

AUTHOR has his doubts, but refrains from expressing them.

MANAGER: Have it produced on a royalty. Yes, that's the best way for you. You'll soon get your money back.

AUTHOR (*startled*): Eh! I beg pardon.

MANAGER (*abstractedly*): Costs from ten to twenty pounds to produce a sketch of this sort. No costumes, no scenery. (*In a burst of generosity and good nature*) I'll do it for fifteen pounds.

AUTHOR: What, fifteen pounds!

MANAGER (*icily*): You didn't suppose that I was going to do it for nothing, did yer? I don't believe in working for nothing; never did.

AUTHOR: But if someone else is going to play the sketch, why should I pay for having it produced?

MANAGER: People won't play for nothing, you know; you can't expect 'em to.

AUTHOR: No; but they are going to act in it, and they are going to be paid for acting in it when they get an engagement.

MANAGER: Are you going to guarantee them a month's engagement?

AUTHOR: No, of course, not. That's your business, getting them an engagement.

MANAGER: Very well, then, you are not prepared to guarantee a month's engagement, and I don't believe in not paying people for their work. I expect people to pay me for my work, and I never work unless I am paid for it. You want your artists. That's a guinea each for their travelling expenses. I don't suppose you'll grudge them their travelling expenses.

AUTHOR: No, only——

MANAGER (*cutting him short and continuing*): I suppose you want your sketch to be properly produced, rehearsed and all that. Well, there's the cost of hiring a hall for rehearsals. Then you must have a capable stage manager; you won't grudge a capable stage manager five guineas for three weeks' rehearsals?

AUTHOR: Why shouldn't one of the actors stage-manage it?

MANAGER: I see you're not a practical man. Now, I'm a business man, that's what I am. I was in the commercial line before I took up this business, and I believe in doing things in a practical business way. You must have a stage manager.

AUTHOR: It's not that I mind paying, if I could see how to get my money back.

MANAGER: You must spend money to make money. These rooms cost me three hundred to furnish; but I don't trouble about that. I'll have a short contract drawn up and send it on to you. When you have read it you can return it with cheque, and then we'll set to work.

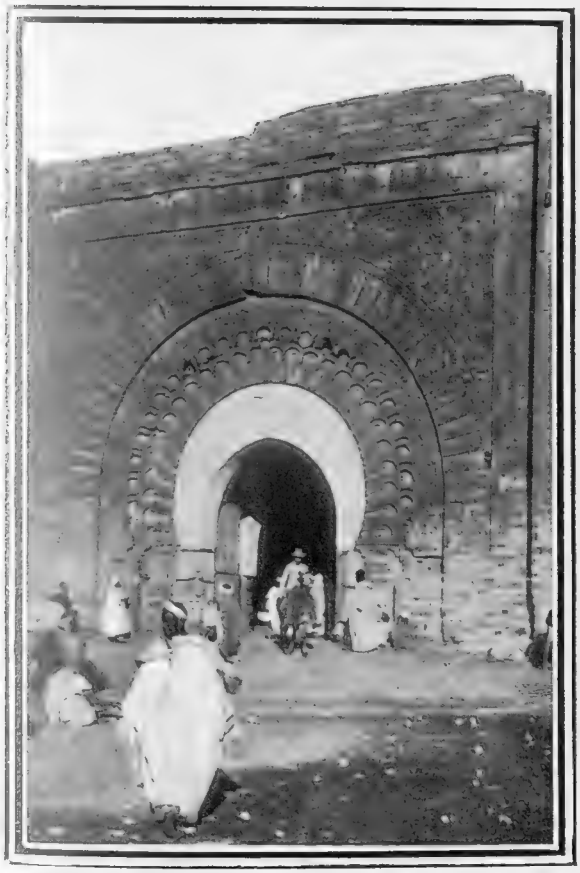
The interview being concluded, the author humbly takes his leave.

More Trouble with the Moors

SCENES IN MOROCCO'S NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN CAPITALS

The city gate of Fez, the northern capital of Morocco (decorated with human heads)

Kaid Sir Harry Maclean and staff outside Fez



The big gate at Morocco City (Marrakesh), the Sultan's southern capital

A street corner in Morocco City (Marrakesh), where outrages on French subjects have caused fresh trouble

To see the real Morocco it is necessary for the tourist to take his life in his hands and penetrate very much farther into the interior than cosmopolitan Tangier. Fez, the northern capital, is populated by the old Berber, or aboriginal, stock, and is, accordingly, a centre of fierce fanaticism—the nature of which may be gauged by a glance at the first of our photos, a city gate frescoed with the decapitated heads of criminals and enemies in war. Morocco City (Marrakesh) lies in an oasis at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, and is a network of noisome, narrow streets of the kind shown in our fourth picture

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Fox-hunting Nearly Over

Saturday last saw the finish of hunting in a good many countries, and it is now possible to form some sort of opinion as to the quality of the season. Six weeks ago we should not have hesitated to describe it as one of the worst within memory. But a cycle of good sport began with the end of February and lasted all through March. That which comes last usually leaves the longest impression, and at a moment when hounds are still running well we are inclined to reconsider our opinion of the merits of the hunting months. Certainly, the excellent gallops of the past few weeks have done much to compensate for the disappointments experienced in the heart of the season, when day after day was lost on account of unfavourable weather. On the whole, we shall be safe in ranking the hunting of 1906-7 as just about up to the average. If sport has varied considerably, it is pleasant to know that in other respects there have been very few regrettable features. The relations between hunting people and farmers are just as good as they were when the season started, and there is no reason to suppose that the breach existing in some countries between fox and pheasant has been widened to any material extent. A little friction there must inevitably be here and there in these days of pheasant and partridge preservation, but I am inclined to think that a more tolerant spirit prevails now alike in hunting and shooting circles, and the knowledge that both branches of sport can go on smoothly together is certainly becoming more widespread.

A Fine Catch of Salmon on a Vancouver River

These fish, which weighed 56lb. and 42lb. respectively, were caught by the lady in the photograph on Campbell River, between Victoria and North Point, British Columbia, by trolling with spoon bait. The river is becoming quite a resort for sportsmen from England and all parts of the world

New Leader for the Burstow

In recent issues I have alluded to the very satisfactory way in which vacant Masterships have been filled up, and I am glad to hear that yet another pack has found a new leader. Allusion is made to the Burstow Hounds, which next month will be taken over by Mr. Hubert F. Sturdy, of Paxhill Park, Lindfield, a keen young sportsman, who is expected to do full justice to the country. Mr. Sturdy farms about eight hundred acres in the county of Sussex, and has the reputation of being a fine horseman. Certainly, he has never been seen on a bad hunter, and it is expected that he will mount the staff in first-rate style. The members of the Burstow look forward, therefore, with much confidence to the new *régime*.

The Gipsies and the Fox

An extraordinary incident, by the way, occurred a few days ago with these hounds. After a good hunting run, the pack seemed within measurable distance of getting hold of their fox, when suddenly he disappeared in a most unaccountable way. But some gipsies, with a lurcher dog, were observed by the roadside, and upon their being questioned as to the whereabouts of the fox, it was discovered that they had got him in a bag! Moreover, before they would part with him they wanted half-a-crown—which for pure unadulterated cheek has seldom been equalled in fox-hunting annals. Not only had these businesslike nomads, with the help of their dog, stopped the run and purloined the fox, but they did not mean to restore him to the members of the Hunt unless they got something out of it. The situation was not without its humorous side, and it was with mingled amusement and indignation that the Burstow men "parted." Then the fox was liberated, hounds were soon on his line again, and eventually got hold of him.

Sport with the West Kent

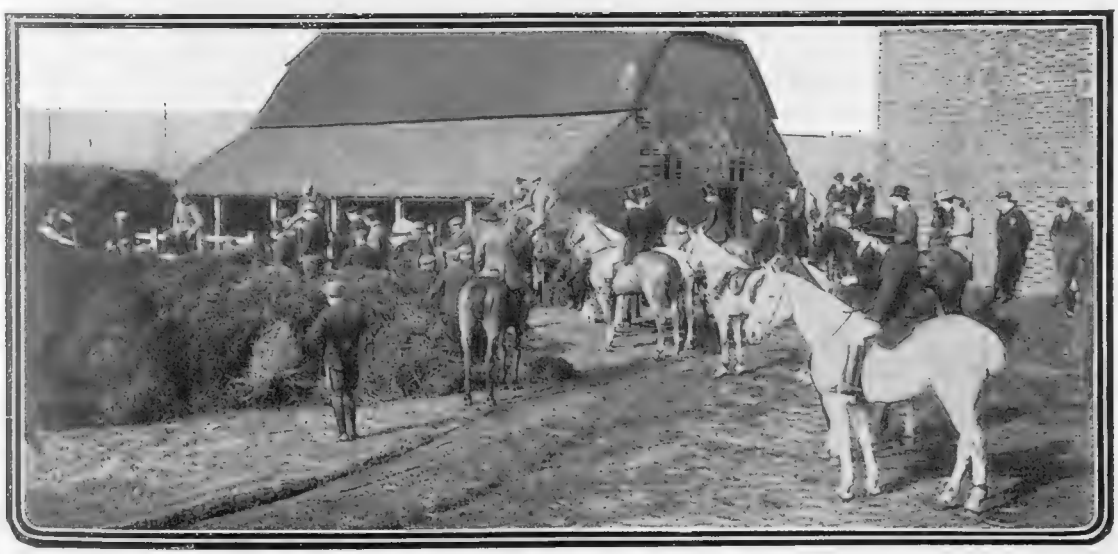
Our illustrations depicting a recent day with the West Kent Foxhounds remind us that the pack has prospered exceedingly under the capable management of Mr. W. Gore Lambarde. When he took them over foxes had become rather scarce in the country, and sport was declining in consequence; but Mr. Lambarde, who resides at Bradbourne Hall, Sevenoaks, now has the satisfaction of finding good, straight-necked foxes in coverts which were devoid of hunting material a few seasons back, and the country has never been in a more satisfactory condition since the reign of the Hon. Ralph Nevill, who by general consent takes rank as the most popular and most successful Master the West Kent have ever had. The present M.F.H., who is well known in Ireland, is a hard rider, and has proved himself well qualified to hunt his own hounds.

A. W. C.

A Day With the West Kent

A "refresher" for the huntsman

Off to covert



Photos *W. Abrey*

Gone to earth in a farmyard

The West Kent Foxhounds, which hunt the country around Tonbridge, Sevenoaks, and Farningham, have enjoyed a most successful season under the Master, Mr. W. G. Lambarde

Fishing in British Columbia

Campbell River, on the East coast of Vancouver Island, about two-thirds of the way between Victoria and the North Point, has lately become quite a resort for sportsmen from England and many other places. Some of the salmon caught there are very large. Sir Richard Musgrave caught a seventy-eight pounder and sent it to the museum in Victoria, and A. W. Laird went from England two consecutive years, and caught many fish almost as heavy. One towed his boat a mile or two, and he had about four and a half hours of great excitement before the *tyee* (Indian name) could be landed. The fish in the photograph are salmon caught by trolling with spoon bait, which is not so sportsmanlike or quite so exciting as rod and line, but it is most exciting to have your boat towed "hither and thither" by a monster, and, perhaps, after twenty minutes or half an hour, to succeed in landing him.

"Harling" for Salmon

The picture on the opposite page shows the usual style of "harling" for salmon on the Tay. The angler sits facing the stern of the boat watching his rods, which have a fly or phantom working twenty yards or so behind the boat. The gillies really do the work of finding and hooking the salmon, as they know exactly how to row so that the fly or phantom is made to swim over the places where salmon "take"; they begin at the top of each salmon pool and zig-zag across, very gradually dropping down. If a fish is hooked, the angler plays it while the other lines are wound up, and he is rowed ashore to fight it out.

GARDEN NOTES

The Primula Family

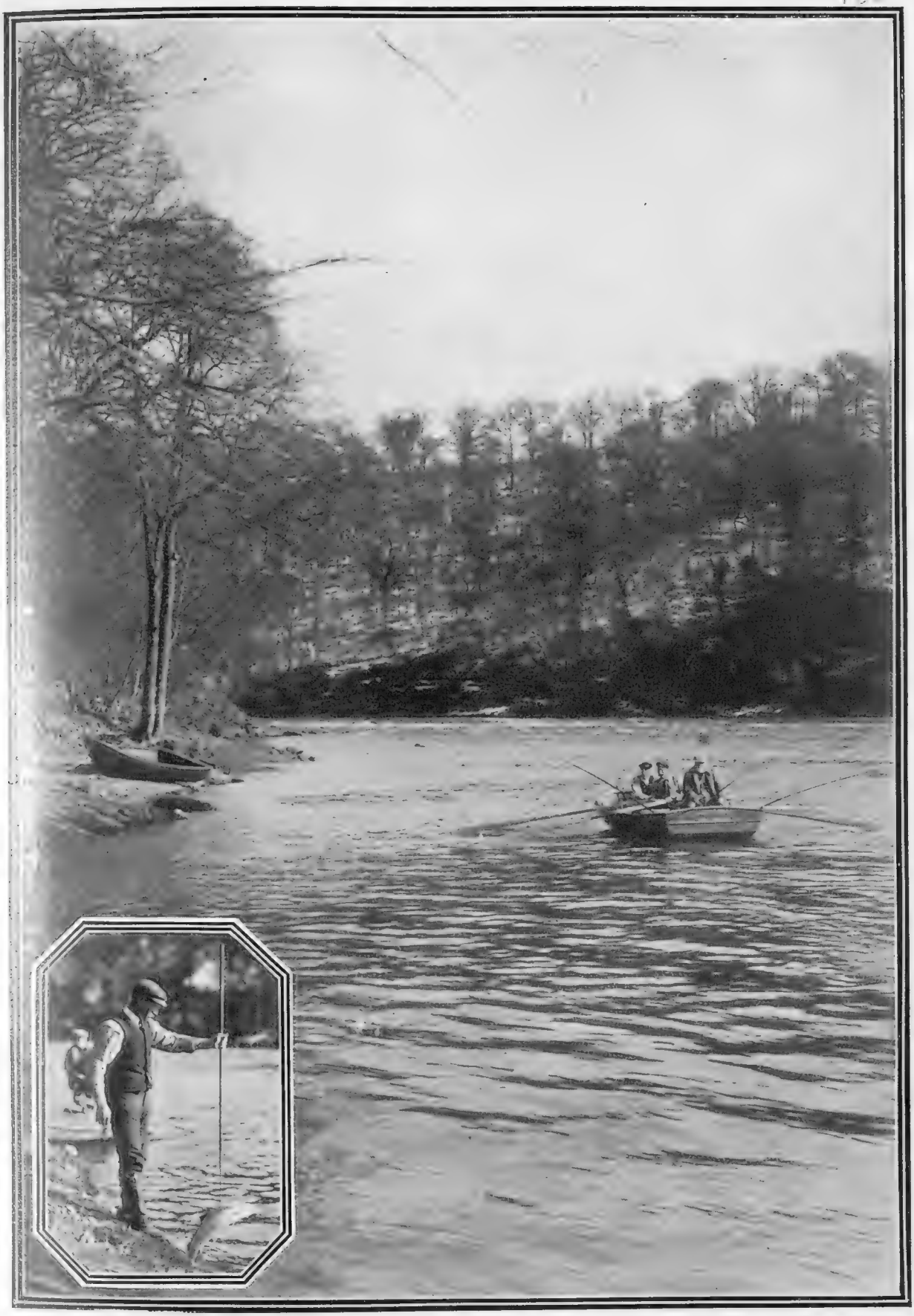
In the increasing popularity of hardy plants the primulas have shared, and quite a number of them are now grown in gardens. The family is a large one, mostly confined to cold or temperate countries, and of the many species five are British—the common primrose (P. vulgaris), the oxlip (P. elatior), the bird's-eye primrose (P. farinosa), the Scottish primrose (P. scotica), and the cowslip (P. officinalis), which is supposed to be the parent of the polyanthus. All five are beautiful when massed in the wilder parts of the grounds and in the rock-garden, but P. farinosa is so charming, with its pale purple yellow-eyed flowers and small leaves covered underneath with white meal, that it deserves a special position. P. scotica is not unlike it, but smaller. The meal is really a waxy secretion, which serves the purpose of preventing the stomata or pores from being clogged by moisture. Many beautiful hardy primulas come from the Himalayas. Nearly all the species are easy to grow if only they are planted where they will be slightly shaded in summer, and where excessive moisture will quickly drain away from them. It is interesting work raising primulas from seed, but requires a good deal of patience, for the seed often germinates very slowly and irregularly, the seedlings appearing at intervals for many months. As the latest of them not infrequently produce the finest flowers, the boxes of soil should be kept and watered until it is fairly certain that there are no more to come. The best results are yielded by seed sown as soon as it is ripe, but if seed has to be bought it may be sown now.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

"Merry Springtime's Harbinger"

All the hardy plants of the primula family, of which the primrose is the most common, are very beautiful when massed in the wild parts of the grounds and in the rock-garden

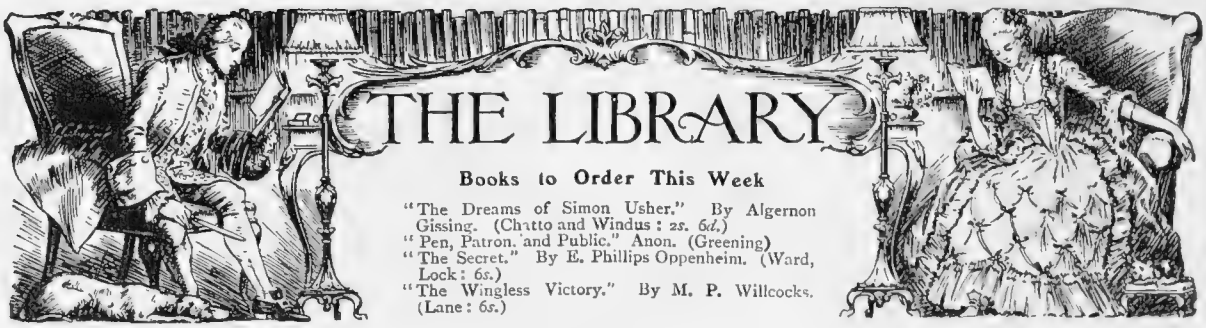
Salmon Fishing on the Tay



Photos] **Gaffing the catch** *[Clarke and Hyde*

Colonel Egerton "harling" for Salmon on the Tay, at Stanley, Perthshire

The angler, facing the stern, watches his rods, which have a fly or phantom working about twenty yards behind the boat. The gillies, beginning at the top of the pool, work down it in a zig-zag fashion, so that the fly is made to swim over the places where the salmon "take." When the fish is hooked, the angler plays it, and is rowed to the shore to fight it out



The Modern Poet's Neglect of Marriage

Marriage has had a good many knock-down blows at the hands of writers, but one of the worst of these is contained in a sentence in Mr. Percival Vivian's preface to *Poems of Marriage* (Routledge: 1s.). Mr. Vivian, who, in this book, has compiled as many poems dealing with wedlock as he has been able to discover, tells us that the bridal song (epithalamium) has, practically, ceased to exist as a form of poetic art since the Elizabethans. As Mr. Vivian says, and proves from his extracts, the hymeneal song of the Elizabethan poets had a rapture and a joyousness unequalled in the annals of literary history. Why has it no counterpart in our own day? Poets are as numerous and as energetic in our times as ever they were. Where are *their* epithalamia? Why, to voice our emotions on the joys of matrimony, must we turn up Ben Jonson, Spenser, Suckling, Herrick, Beaumont and Fletcher, and—Shakespeare?

Is It Justified?

The fact that marriage has inspired scarce a single one of our great modern poets to sing its praises is more eloquent as to the esteem in which the rite has come to be held than months of silly season correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*. Is there not enough of the exultant element in marriage to give a modern poet an epithalamic fit? Could he not, if he chose, find in marriage a hundred themes for poetic expression? Could not a pæan be penned, in which the maiden exults on her emancipation from the chains of chaperonage: revels in the fresh madness of being "madam"? What, again, of the husband? Is there not a note of wonder, of mysticism, very suitable for poetic expression, in his first contemplation of that monster of his own design and creation—his house? The first celebration of culinary rites; his first peep into the chill recesses of the pantry; his first furtive dive into the wine cellar. What of the little matutinal partings and nocturnal reunions; the shoulder-to-shoulder fight against the intrusions of the curious; the joys of privacy in contrast with the horrors of hospitality, given and received. I have heard the young husband talk more rapturously of those few sweet stolen evenings in which he and his spouse have been spared from the visits of "lively" friends than ever I heard a Romeo talk of private meetings with his Juliet.

Romance in Marriage

As to romance in marriage—well, now that such high technique is shown in the breach of the Seventh Commandment, surely there should be no lack of material. Fidelity being (according to report) somewhat of a rarity in modern married life, surely the husband who can boast of the complete devotion of a wife, or a wife of a husband, should, if poetic, be able to panegyrise to exhaustion. As an example of romance in wedded life, could the most ambitious poet want a warmer theme than was furnished from Grenoble a week or two back, in which a well-known actress, Mme. X., met her husband at her lover's *château*, and took such a fancy to him that she decided to sacrifice her whole position and reputation and run away with him. If, out of this sort of material, modern poet-paradoxists cannot evolve an anthology of bridal song such as would put the efforts of the Elizabethans into the shade, then I shall once for all decide that we are a people that walk in darkness.

Paris and Mr. Mortimer Menpes

One derives so much pleasure from the contemplation of one and all of Messrs. Black's series of colour-books that it is sad even to have to hint at a disapproval of any of them. It will, however, I imagine, be generally admitted that in his *Paris*, Mr. Mortimer Menpes scarcely displays his particular type of talent to advantage. The "colour-schemes," "atmospheric impressions," etc., etc., which have been Mr. Menpes's fullest glory in his books on India, Japan, and Venice, are his undoing as an artist-interpreter of Paris. Paris, of all cities, least demands the touch of the impressionist. She has nothing to conceal, her beauties are the beauties of uniformity, of precision, of clearness of line, and definitiveness of colour. The skies of Paris are unmitigated blue; her trees unmitigated green; her buildings white or grey; her streets and the lines of her houses are straight. Art's truest interpretation of Paris is the photograph. Paris wants the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. She does not aspire to an "atmosphere"; she would not be seen blurred, or crooked; in the obscurity of mist, or the corruscation of "colour-schemes," but in all the clarity and radiance of her full self. True, she may have her moods, but for Mr. Menpes to mirror them is scarcely gallant of him. To paint a portrait, "warts and all," were well enough when it is a Cromwell that sits, but not when it is a Society beauty. The text of the book is, as in previous cases, supplied by Miss Dorothy Menpes, who has done her work admirably, seeing the exceeding difficulty that must have confronted her of saying anything new on the subject.

A Strange Book by Mr. Algernon Gissing

Mr. Algernon Gissing is eminently on his dignity in *The Dreams of Simon Usher* (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* 6*d.*). One opens the book with the distinct feeling that here is something special, something dignified, cautious, and of deep psychological interest. The personality of the dreamer-hero, Usher, promises to be of significant interest. When, inspired by ideals, he runs away from the factory for the Scottish sea-coast, and envillages himself at Dunscarr Haven, one is prepared to follow his mental evolution with keenness. It is somewhat disappointing, therefore, to find the whole summit of Usher's ultimate ambition to be the life's service of a woman more than twice his age—Isabel Redmayne—for whom he conceives a youthful infatuation. Mrs. Redmayne is the victim of the attentions of Cuthbertson Gleed, Mayor of Dunscarr, who, to win her, has (after the fashion of David with Uriah the Hittite) sent her husband to his death in order to press his attentions. Repulsed, he avenges himself on the widow by evicting her from her house. The lad, Usher, becomes fired to right the wrong. He enters Gleed's service, and marries his daughter, in order that, some day, he may reinstate the adored widow in her rights. The story lends itself to plenty of exciting incident, and towards the end, when Usher and Gleed meet Greek to Greek, there is violence and bloodshed. Scottish village life and character, too, are sketched in a style quite worthy of the author. As a psychological study, however, it is disappointing. Usher's attachment to the widow is of so dull, so wooden a nature, and his ambition of so exceedingly limited a scope that he can scarcely be called a dreamer at all. That a boy should, at seventeen, be infatuated with a woman of thirty-eight is natural enough. That this should shape his whole subsequent career, and run it to ruin, merely to wreak revenge on a man who has been his benefactor, is possible, but *not* in a man of Simon's alleged imagination and intellectual power.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Dorothy Menpes

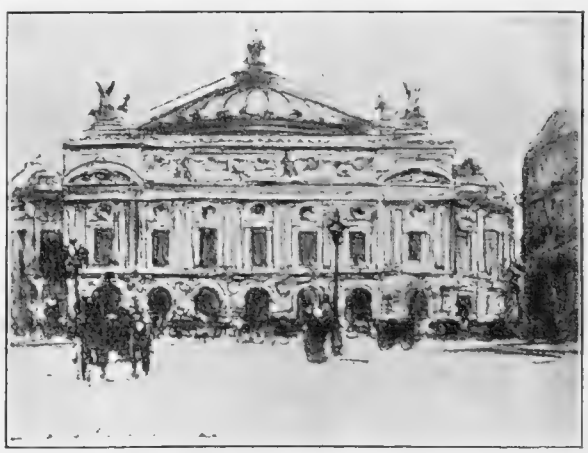
The daughter of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who has written the letterpress which accompanies her father's latest colour-book, "Paris" (A. and C. Black)

Has the Press Gone to the Dogs Again?

A book of Press reminiscences is, needless to say, scarcely efficient unless plentifully laden with abuse, now fierce, now facetious, of "modern methods." The journalist of the old school is almost as firm in his conviction that the "profession, sir, has gone to the dogs, d—— it," as the club general or admiral. The awful news (some years old, by the way) that the *Standard* had passed into the hands of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson inspired an anonymous scribe to pen a long lament, which Messrs. Greening now issue under the title of *Pen, Patron and Public*. The book is interesting, and is written in a pleasant discursive style, which suffers not at all from its touch of invective. From the Pearson purchase, he draws the conclusion that the old era has changed. He denounces "syndicate" journalism. He laments the decline of the old-time patronage which enabled men of ability to exploit their views, and nimble wits to congregate. He laments the passage of the Bohemianism which produced the "all-round" Pressman, ready to go anywhere and do anything at a moment's notice, to be superseded by the specialist. He believes that the "able editor" of the Delane, Edmund Yates, Robinson, and Mudford *genus*, has gone, and that his place is taken (under the syndicate *régime*) by a "sharp clerk, in whom literary taste amounts to a positive disqualification." Also, *Ichabod!* the leader-writer has gone in favour of the paragraphist; the reviewer to make way for the tabloid condenser. As for the modern publisher, he is rather the wholesale bookseller. Like the bookmaker of the Turf, he aims at getting home without loss much more than at making the writer a partner with himself in a real success.

In short, nothing is right with Fleet Street of to-day—and all on account of that dreadful Mr. Pearson. If the writer were exact in his facts, not in a word would I differ from his lamentable conclusions. But is he quite right in his estimate of the damage done by Mr. Pearson? Is he correct in his cool inference that, to-day, there are no "able editors" as great in their own way as their predecessors in theirs? That the "leader-writer" has gone is, obviously, incorrect, for he flourishes to-day on the penny and on the halfpenny journal alike, and is as gloriously unread as ever he was. Surely, again, the reign of the specialist in place of the all-round ink-slinger is an unmixed benefit to sound and truthful journalism. Not only, in short, has Mr. Pearson's purchase of the *Standard* failed to ruin journalism in general; it has not even, if I may say so, ruined the *Standard* itself, which, under its present *régime*, is by no means inferior, in a literary sense, to its penny contemporaries.

VIVIAN CARTER.



The "Paris" of Mr. Mortimer Menpes

Mr. Menpes, whose colour-books on Italy, Japan, and other countries are famous, has now published his impressions of Paris. The above sketch of the Opera House gives an adequate idea of the Menpes method

(*Reproduced from one of the coloured illustrations to "Paris," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black*)

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Golfers' "Whitaker"

Together with many other delightful things, Spring brings to the happy golfer his "Whitaker" in the shape of "Nisbet's Golf Year Book" (Nisbet, 21, Berners Street, W.), under the guiding editorial hand of that fine golfer and sound critic, Mr. John L. Low. This is the third year of the book's publication, and in that short time it has conquered the affections and confidence of golfers by the amplitude of its information and the excellence of its opinions. Success breeds imitation, and the truth of this dictum has been exemplified lately by the action which Messrs. Nisbet and Co. have fought and won against the Golf Agency, and in which they secured an injunction restraining the latter firm from publishing or selling a book called "The Golfers' Handbook and Year Book." The crux of the case apparently turned on the "Who's Who" section of Messrs. Nisbet's book, which the defendants were imitating, under a very similar title, in their book. Messrs. Nisbet's book, therefore, stands in an unassailable position legally and intrinsically, for the present volume is an improvement even on its admirable predecessor of last year, which I commended to the notice of golfers at the time of its appearance. Speaking for myself, I am free to confess that I should be very much at a loss without this excellent and handy book of reference. The editor and publisher being both of them practical as well as literary golfers know just the sort of information the golfer requires. Many a time there arises a discussion in the smoking-room after rounds on some point of golf law or some obscure record, and I cannot imagine one arising which a glance at "Nisbet's Golf Year Book" will not settle. This year the list of contributors which used to disfigure the cover of the book has been wisely relegated to an inside page, so that the book presents itself to us in a much more comely form than formerly.

The Rules of Golf

But, after all, the inside of the book is the main thing, and here the editor and his coadjutors have catered most liberally for us. While retaining the main features which have proved so valuable, they have added much information on various topics of interest. The annotations to the rules of golf by Mr. Ernley Blackwell and the Editor have been brought up to date in the light of the latest decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee, whose findings for the year 1906 are also included with a short preliminary and explanatory article by Mr. Low. In view of the forthcoming Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, the local rules for St. Andrews links are published, as well as a plan of the old course, giving the revised lengths of the holes as played during the Open Championship two years ago.

"St. Andrews Hazards"

The most interesting contribution to my mind is Mr. Low's article on "St. Andrews Hazards, Old and New."

I commend this most earnestly to all those who have the management of a course, or who meditate laying one out. The opinions expressed in this article will, I trust, act as a salutary antidote against the modern tendency of placing all hazards at the sides of a course and leaving the main course a sort of park-like alley, along which the golfer may punch his ball with impunity. This type, of course, was the result of a revulsion from the detestable steeplechase course which appealed so strongly to the late Tom Dunn. But the revulsion led some good people into an extreme which is almost as bad and monotonous as the other. I am glad to think that many golfers agree with Mr. Low as to what constitutes a really testing and interesting course, and of this greatest type of golf course the old course at St. Andrews will always shine out as the supreme exemplar. Mr. Low has reproduced in this article the intensely interesting description of the old St. Andrews course as it was in the 'forties, written by the late Mr. James Balfour, the father of the present Captain of the Royal and Ancient, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville.

Several additional items are included under the "Miscellanea," such as the "Method of Making the Draw in Match Tournaments," "Handicaps for 'Bogey' Competitions," and "Handicaps for Match Play."

Some Other Features

I must not omit to mention an admirable article on "Green-Keeping" by Mr. H. S. Colt, one on American golf by Mr. Herbert G. Windeler, ex-President of the United States Golf Association, and on "County Unions" by Mr. F. R. Burrow. Besides these, there is a comprehensive and critical chapter on "The Golf of the Year," in which the extraordinary decision of the Rules of Golf Committee as to the meaning of the words "the line of the putt," in answer to a question submitted to them by the Selkirk Golf Club, is discreetly noted.

This decision came in for a good deal of criticism at the time, and strikes me as pedantic and against the spirit underlying the mere letter of the law. If we are going to be pedantic in our interpretation of the rules, then the further words of that same rule, "but the person doing so must not touch the ground," will necessitate the addition of a flying machine to the caddie's equipment. But I must not stray into the realms of disputation, but must once more heartily commend "Nisbet's Golf Year Book" of 1907 to the attention, and purses, of all golfers.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Golf—The Game for the Young (*MR. BALFOUR*)

Photo *Dixon*

Dr. Ingram as a Golfer

skilful and enthusiastic golf player, he is also adept at cycling nd fives. Dr. Ingram is not altogether unknown in ecclesiastical ircles as the Bishop of London. Golf has been described by Mr. Balfour as pre-eminently a "game for young people"

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Balfour adopts Protection!

Opening the new eighteen-hole course of the West Wilts Golf Club at Warminster, Mr. Balfour, who had a handicap of two holes, with Braid as his partner, played a fine game, winning by two up and one to play. Mr. Balfour found shelter from the rain under a very old umbrella—a form of Protection moderate enough to meet even his views!

ure of Corpulency: A World-Renowned Treatment

FREE CORRESPONDENCE-CONSULTATIONS

THE brilliant success of Mr. F. C. Russell's treatment for corpulent persons, whereby thousands have been permanently relieved of the objectionable burden of overtness, is sufficient justification for calling our stout readers' ttention to the welcome fact that consultations by private letter,

Without any Fee

ny shape or form, are open to all. Qualified expert ialists attached to the Russell establishment carefully ider all cases of which details are laid before them in writing. They then fully explain the treatment by the Russell m. From every part of the world letters of inquiry are ed, and these correspondence-consultations have proved a less boon to those who have tried in vain some remedy or medies of the old-fashioned kind, and who have wished to y the "Russell" treatment under the most favourable nditions. So much damage is done to the soundest constitutions by the

Old-Time Methods

of reducing weight by means of drugs and a ridiculously restricted dietary, that to point out how these so-called remedies are injurious is of the greatest public benefit. In Mr. Russell's standard work, "Corpulency and the Cure," many of these dangerous treatments are described and placed upon the *index expurgatorium* for the benefit of humanity. Needless to observe that such methods will most certainly reduce weight, but at what a cost to vitality! The "Russell" treatment, simple and pleasant as it is, proves conclusively that wholesome food is an essential factor in the healthful cure of corpulency, paradoxical as that may at first appear, and that the permanency of the cure depends to a large extent on the supply of blood, muscular fibre, and nerve tissue by means of perfect nutrition. Obesity has been defined by an eminent doctor as "a general state of

Disordered Nutrition

of the body, characterised by an excessive development of the adipose tissue, which leads to various disturbances of the bodily functions." As an example of these "disturbances," we may quote from Mr. Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" the following passage:—"An excess of fat not only becomes burdensome and unsightly, but a positive evil, and frequently an absolute danger. An accumulation of it may occur between the muscles upon the heart, causing embarrassed respiration, or around the kidneys, and persons in this condition are not only rendered uneasy in themselves and unfit to discharge the various duties of life, but are extremely liable to disease in the vital organs. Those suffering from *polysarcia omenti*—that is, an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat—carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to fatty degeneration of the heart and liver." Briefly, cases of

Neglected Obesity,

or cases that have defied all or any of the drastic old-time systems of reducing bulk and restoring beauty of form, present so many dangers that it behoves every man or woman who is over-stout, or inclined to over-stoutness, to avoid further delay in obtaining complete relief. That is why the

Free Correspondence-Consultations

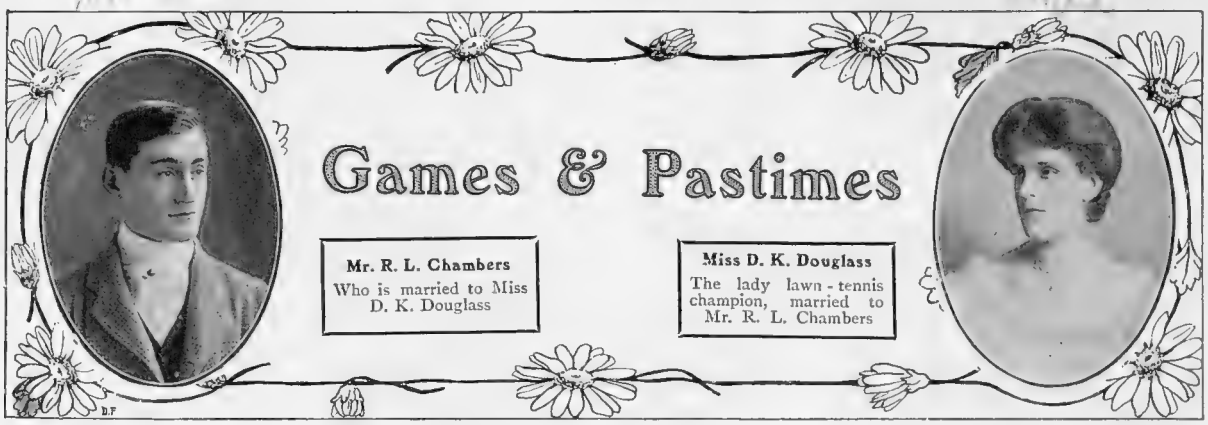
afforded by the Russell establishment have proved so inestimable a blessing to so many sufferers from obesity. As regards the standard book from which we have quoted, viz.:—

"Corpulency and the Cure,"

we should mention that within its 256 pages there is a mine of information of paramount importance to stout people, including the *recipe* which forms the basis of Mr. Russell's treatment, and that to facilitate or, rather, to systematise enquiries, a list of questions of a personal nature is enclosed for the use of those who would avail themselves of the free correspondence-consultations. To all *bona-fide* inquirers Mr. Russell is perfectly willing to send a

Free Copy

of "Corpulency and the Cure" on receipt of two penny stamps to defray postage under private envelope. This offer remains open until further notice. Applications and inquiries (which are treated as strictly confidential) should be addressed to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.



Apropos des Balles

In my last few games of lawn tennis I have been using the ball manufactured by Messrs. Lillywhite, Frowd and Co., and was so well pleased with it that I consider the fact worth mentioning, more especially as my partners and opponents appeared to be equally well satisfied. But my experience of the ball has so far been confined to covered court play, and I have yet to learn how it behaves on grass or gravel. On a wooden floor I found it sufficiently lively, and yet at the same time not specially difficult to control; in other words, a ball that you can hit hard with a reasonable hope of keeping it in court. If a ball is too lively (as will sometimes happen, incidentally, to any ball when the day is extra hot), it seems to fly off the racket before one has time to finish the aiming part of the stroke; if, on the other hand, it is sluggish, you seem to be wasting all your energy in scooping it up off the floor and pushing it over the net. The right ball is one which hits the mean between these two extremes; you want to be able to feel what you are doing with the ball without being too conscious of it, and Messrs. Lillywhite Frowd's ball seems to me to fulfil these requirements. I cannot say anything as to its durability beyond this, that on a covered court a good ball usually gets discoloured, and therefore difficult to see, long before it wears out, and that the balls under trial have so far only got discoloured. And, by the way, I cannot help wondering at the makers' having adopted the somewhat hackneyed name "Perfection" for their ball, with the appropriate "Lillywhite" ready to hand.

A Millionaire Tennis Champion

Mr. Jay Gould, American millionaire and tennis player, now on a visit to this country. It will be remembered that he was, last year, defeated by Mr. Eustace Miles in the Championship

Lacrosse: The Iroquois Cup

The superiority of Northern over Southern lacrosse was again well illustrated, on Saturday, in the final of the English Club Championship at Fallowfield, Manchester. This final consists of a match between the Champion Club of the North and the Champion Club of the South to decide which is to be top dog of all, and on this occasion the combatants were Surbiton and Old Hulmeians. The latter took the lead with a couple of goals in the first few minutes, and, though after that play was even for a while, the Northerners added three more before half-time, and in the second half completely overran their opponents, bringing their total up to 12 goals to nothing. There are two or three more clubs in the North which could probably beat Surbiton almost as decisively.

"How Happy Could I Be with Either"

The interesting question raised by Mr. Ernest Lehmann in our issue of March 27 as to whether a man can play golf and lawn tennis concurrently, and still do himself justice at both games, is one which, from personal experience, I am compelled to answer (like Mr. Lehmann) in the negative. And yet I would be glad if it could be shown that I am wrong. I put the question the other day to a well-known lawn-tennis player who also plays golf—not to mention football and cricket—and his suggestion was that the two games are so utterly unlike that the transition from the one to the other ought to have a similarly salutary effect to the "complete change" which has become a by-word in matters relating to hygiene. But, all the same, I very much doubt whether he would deliberately choose a week at Sandwich as the best preparation for the Lawn-Tennis Championships. We should probably find him eschewing golf altogether for the time being and indulging in regular practice at lawn tennis on the courts at Wimbledon or elsewhere. And my own view is that the extreme dissimilarity of the two games absolutely prevents them from harmonising. It is unnecessary to enumerate the chief points of difference between them, for Mr. Lehmann has already done this; but I think the chiefest of all is that golf is a two-handed and lawn tennis a

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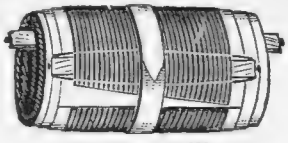

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Photo *Wright and Sons, Forest Gate*

The Unbeaten "Casuals"

This well-known Soccer Team has just finished its season, which has been an unbroken list of successes. Out of twenty-one matches played, the Casuals have won twenty and drawn one, and have scored eighty-six goals against fourteen scored by their opponents

BACK ROW (*left to right*): P. S. Nicholls, V. Edwards, A. G. Corbett, R. H. Meers, R. W. Crummack
MIDDLE ROW: J. Goodman, C. T. Symons, G. F. Dixon, H. Roper-Barrett, P. A. Sargeant
FRONT ROW: T. Easterbrook, R. G. Roper

one-handed game. I believe this is the reason why cricket and golf harmonise better than golf and lawn tennis, though even in the case of golf and cricket it is hard to go straight from one to the other—particularly from cricket to golf. In the case of golf and lawn tennis it is harder still. The difficulty which I personally experience in going from lawn tennis to golf is positively appalling, because, apart from the fact that I am a poor golfer (having only taken up the game at a comparatively advanced age), I have all my life shown a preference for the one-handed games. For the same reason the transition from golf to lawn tennis is, with me, less difficult. Accordingly, I feel, like Mr. Lehmann, that my own case may not be a very good one to quote. But, all the same, I am inclined to think that others, like H. L. Doherty and G. W. Hillyard, who are more equally proficient at both games, will find themselves substantially in agreement with Mr. Lehmann and myself, although, as I said before, I should be only too pleased if it could be shown that we are wrong. Every day the number of people who play both is increasing, and it is a pity that two such fine games should labour under the disadvantage of being mutually antagonistic.

An Unbeaten Soccer Team

The team of Casuals to which I referred, shortly after Christmas, as having gone through half the Soccer season without sustaining a defeat, has maintained its unbeaten record to the end; for, out of twenty-one matches played, it has won twenty and drawn one, and has scored eighty-six goals as against fourteen scored by its opponents. Although the Casuals often have several teams in the field at once, they do not, like most clubs, make any distinction between first and second, or "A," teams. Each team is simply "The Casuals." In the case of this particular team, the policy of playing the same men, as far as possible, week after week has been adopted, and the result has been eminently satisfactory. G. F. Dixon has captained the team with marked ability, and has played in every match, while those who have turned out most regularly with him are P. A. Sergeant, of Molesey R.C. fame; P. G. Nicholls (Old Foresters); R. H. Meers (Old Foresters), a son of E. G. Meers, the crack lawn-tennis player; R. G. Roper (Old Foresters); V. Edwards (Old Rossalians), the mainstay of the forwards, a beautiful shot, and the team's principal goal-getter; A. G. Corbett and C. T. Symons, two hard-working half-backs; R. W. Crummack (Old Rossalians); J. Goodman, really one of the best amateur backs of the day, though he has yet to be "discovered"; T. Easterbrook, a veritable flyer on the left wing; and H. Roper Barrett, the well-known lawn-tennis player, now quite a Soccer veteran, who has performed the duties of goal-keeper with little, if any, less skill than he used in former days to display at half-back. In a side which has done so well collectively it is hard to single out anyone for special praise, but, if anything, the play of Dixon and Roper on the left wing, and the sound defence of Goodman at back, have been the principal factors in the team's success.

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Aeroplanes on Show

The first aeroplane exhibition at Messrs. Cordingley's Show is worth visiting. There are some wonderful contrivances there, which do credit to the imagination of their inventors, if not in all cases to their practicability. A collection of aeroplane models will go a long way towards assisting the solution of the fascinating problem of the air. Not that I believe we shall be flitting gaily in flying machines this year, or the next either for the matter of that, for there is still a good deal of spade-work to be done; but a show, such as that at the Agricultural Hall, precisely helps on that spade-work because it not only suggests to the ingenious what ideas are on a sound principle, but also what mistakes to avoid. Inventors certainly need not complain of want of encouragement. If the winning of the *Daily Mail's* prize of £10,000 is still somewhat remote, it must not be forgotten that the *Daily Graphic* has offered £1,000 for the aeroplanist who covers a mile in a single flight.

* * *

Reliability Trials

There seems to be a regular epidemic among motor manufacturers just now for holding reliability trials, with or without the assistance of the Royal Automobile Club. A Siddeley car is undergoing a trial of about 10,000 miles, starting its run every day from Edinburgh. An Iris car, with Major Matson, of the *Daily Mail*, on board, lately started off, amid a blare of trumpets, for Monte Carlo. Captain Deasy is holding a 1,000 miles' trial in the land of Erin under the auspices of the Irish Automobile Club. Messrs. Edge, not to be behindhand, entered a 40 h.-p. Napier for a 500 miles' trial to test the consumption of oil in the engine. Finally, Mr. Jarrott drove a 40 h.-p. Crossley car to Monte Carlo in 35 hrs. 5 mins. By the way, why is Monte Carlo the Mecca of nearly every motorist who wants to show off a car? I take it that the object of anyone who voluntarily sets himself the task of completing so many hundreds or thousands of miles is to attract the attention of the public to the reliable character of his particular car. But public attention is fickle, and it soon loses interest in runs to Monte Carlo or to various spots in Great Britain from some centre. Captain Deasy was wise in his generation when he, in 1903, ascended the Rochers de Naye on the ballast of the cog-wheel railway, and descended again to Caux. His name to-day is a household word where only a very few other names are known.

* * *

Why Not More Romantic Routes?

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Photo] **A General View of the Motor-boats Competing in the Races at Monaco** [*Dixon*

The Motor-Boat Carnival has opened before a large assemblage, and the commencing races have proved of great interest. Sixty boats are competing out of ninety entries. Lord Howard de Walden has been represented by two Daimler 40-footers and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild by the Wolseley boat *Flying Fish*

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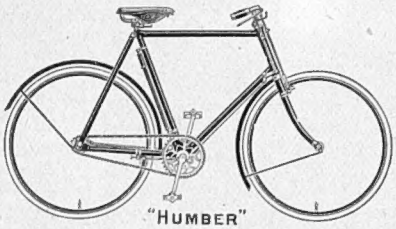

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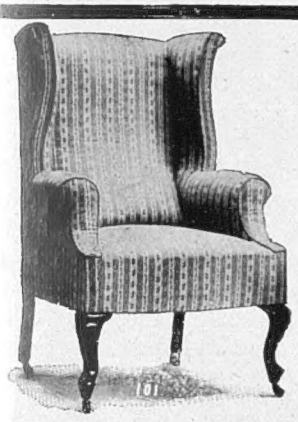

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LONDON TO MONTE CARLO

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"CONTINENTAL"

Mr. CHARLES JARROTT wired as follows:—

"MONTE CARLO—Sunday Night.

"Arrived Monte Carlo 7.30 English time, 35 hours 20 minutes for complete journey. Beat my own record London to Monte Carlo of last year, and all London to Monte Carlo records made since. TYRES WORE SPLENDIDLY."

routes, and undertake a journey that will capture the public imagination? For instance, a reliability run to Calcutta and back, *viâ* Constantinople, Teheran, Cabul, and Peshawur, would be something indeed of a test. I do not know the distance, but believe it is only about 6,000 miles to the capital of our Indian Empire. The difficulties would not be insurmountable, though certainly there are possible dangers to be contemplated, but these would only add glamour to the undertaking. Another route is to Johannesburg from London, only crossing the Channel and the Mediterranean from Trieste or Brindisi to Port Said. This route would cause great interest, as it would be forestalling Cecil Rhodes's Cape to Cairo railway route. Of course, motorists have traversed nearly every corner of the world, but a reliability run to such places as the above would be a novelty, and, I feel sure, attract great public attention. As a matter of fact, there is a race in prospect being got up on the Continent now from Paris to Pekin, in which Italy will be represented by the Prince Scipio Borghese.

* * *

Motor Races at Brooklands

The Brooklands Club has issued a circular of its first meeting, which is to take place on Saturday, July 6, when it is hoped all will be in readiness. I hear, on good authority, that His Majesty will probably honour the club with his presence on this opening day. Whether betting on the course will be encouraged by professional "bookies" remains yet to be seen, but personally I should be glad to see the club encourage the principle of co-operative betting by adopting the Totalisator. A summary of the various races may be of interest:—

1. The Horsley Plate of 300 sovs.
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 60 to under 85; 3 miles. Entrance, 15 sovs.
2. The Gottlieb Daimler Memorial Plate of 650 sovs.
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 120 to under 155; about 15 miles. Entrance, 30 sovs.
3. The Byfleet Plate of 550 sovs.
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 110 to under 135; about 10 miles. Entrance, 25 sovs.
4. The Stephenson Plate of 300 sovs.
   For motor-cars of a price not less than £600 and not exceeding £700; about 6 miles. Entrance, 25 sovs.
5. The First Montagu Cup of 2,100 sovs. (Cup value £200 and the remainder in specie).
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 155 to under 235; weight, 2,600 lb.; about 30 miles. Entrance, 50 sovs.
6. The Marcel Renault Memorial Plate of 550 sovs.
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 85 to under 110; about 12 miles. Entrance, 25 sovs.

It is interesting to note that all these races are confined to cars propelled by the internal combustion engine, except No. 4, for which, apparently, any type of car may enter—petrol, steam, or electric. Unless I am a very false prophet, I foresee an enormous attendance at the opening meet. Comyns Beaumont.

Car-icatures—No. XXI.: Sir H. H. Cozens-Hardy

The Master of the Rolls, though a somewhat recent convert to automobilism, yields in enthusiasm to none. He is a Fellow of University College, London, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, an ex-M.P. for Norfolk, and was, up to 1901, a Judge of the Chancery Division

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Miscellanea

In a recent issue of The Bystander, in which photographs were published of notable commercial vehicles, by an oversight Messrs. Sturmey's Delivery Van, costing £195, and which consumes paraffin oil, was described as a steam car under the picture. It is, of course, built on the internal combustion principle.

Among recent purchasers of Daimler cars are the Earl of Normanton, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Graves-Saule, Colonel C. Campbell, and Captain the Hon. Gerald Portman, late A.D.C. to Lord Curzon.

* * *

Car-icatures—XXI.: The Master of the Rolls

"My Lords and Gentlemen, pray silence for the Right Honourable Sir Herbert Hardy Cozens-Hardy, Master of the Rolls." Thus the resonant voiced toastmaster at the recent annual dinner of the Royal Automobile Club when the subject of our Car-icature this week responded for the visitors. Sir Herbert, in describing himself as "a humble member of a profession with which automobilists occasionally come in conflict," took a very modest view of the important position he occupies in the forensic world, a position which he has attained after a long and distinguished career at the Bar. A Fellow of University College, London, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, ex-M.P. for Norfolk, late Chairman of the General Council of the Bar, and a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice until 1901, the present Master of the Rolls is also a weighty authority on many intricate points of legal learning. Sir H. H. Cozens-Hardy, although comparatively but a recent convert to automobilism, yields in enthusiasm to none. At his country seat, Letheringsett Hall, in Norfolk, frequent gatherings of motorists are welcomed with unstinted hospitality; and, as the learned Judge himself has remarked, he has given hostage to fortune and the future of automobilism in the person of his son, Mr. E. H. Cozens-Hardy, so well known as a motor expert and consulting engineer, who is in partnership with Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman. D. M.

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Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,
"DUXHURST,
"DEAR FRIEND, "*April*, 1907.

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness, not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner . . . . . ."

. . . . . .

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject of the letter, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents more widely known. Additional information and interesting literature on the same subject may be obtained free of charge on application to the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*

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THE BYSTANDER

Is the **ONLY** Journal which Insures its readers against

Accidents at Sea.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

To many of my readers the name will probably be quite fresh, albeit the Company has been in existence some eighteen months. But even that, frankly speaking, would not suffice to call forth the praise that my pen is thrilling to impart, lacking the assurance that the preparations supplied by the Cyclax Company have been in full and tested use for several years by a specialist whose fame is in the mouth of every well-known beauty here and in America, even Paris itself calling upon her services. A fame that has been acquired without one single line of advertisement, and which in itself represents a small fortune.

Without disparaging for an instant the advantages, not to say the pleasures, of face massage, especially in aggravated cases, it is generally conceded that a very great deal more can be done by individual care, and the use of really reliable emollients, skin foods, and tonics, than the general world of women realise. What really matters is the procuring of reliable remedies, followed by a patient and consistent use.

But just write for and, on receiving, read carefully every word of a booklet, entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," issued by the Cyclax Company. It certainly makes one think, and if I know anything of my sex, which I flatter myself I do, faithful perusers will quickly perceive and accept the genuineness of the Cyclax movement. To descend to practical fact, an initial expenditure of £3 supplies the whole basis of the treatment, and since several of the items, by reason of an intermittent application, or constructive virtue, last for a considerable time, the subsequent replenishments are scarcely felt at all.

Perhaps the greatest emphasis is laid on the Cyclax "Special Lotion." This is termed the key-note, but there is also a most miraculous skin food, and also a complexion milk. Nor is the fact the least remarkable that appreciable results from the treatment occur within a week. The more aggravated the case, the more interested the Cyclax Company are, although for these they naturally prefer a personal interview, the experienced originator of this particular beauty culture attending, by special arrangement, at the Cyclax Company's depôt, 58, South Molton Street, every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

It is wholly impossible for me to do the justice I feel to be due to these preparations in the small space at command. But of this I am convinced—having full confirmation thereof—that no one who once experiences the benefits of the Cyclax pharmacopœia will ever desert their services. The Cyclax treatment has the unmistakable ring of genuineness about it.

A Beautiful Design for Evening Wear

Of snake-green Oriental satin, *appliqué* with gold, and veiled in gold tissue

(Sketched at Kate Newton's by Dorothy Millar)

Kate Newton's

Comparisons may be odious, under particular conditions. At the same time, only by comparison can we at other times be brought to a full realisation of the value offered. And it was with this very reflection I sallied forth from Kate Newton's last week, whence I had conducted a distracted friend, who, with a forethought I found truly commendable, was desirous of laying out a small legacy left her in some good furs for next winter. It was a warm day, and furs were